

FOOD PRODUCTION IN MIDDLESEX.

THE FOOD SITUATION IN NORTHERN EUROPE. By Archibald Hurd.

COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28th, 1917.

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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



E. O. HOPPE

THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
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The Corn Production Bill.

FROM the opening debate on this measure, which took place on Tuesday evening, it is plain that the Bill is going to have a stormy passage through the House of Commons. "This is a measure which bristles with controversial points," were Mr. Prothero's first words before expressing a hope that he would say nothing to "exasperate the inevitable discussion." In regard to the two main points it might have been thought that the Government programme would be accepted. These two points are, guaranteed minimum prices for produce and a minimum rate of wages for the labourer. In ordinary times of peace proposals of this description are open to attack from a high economic point of view. But the country is not in the mood for that just now. The writer has taken a great deal of trouble to ascertain their practical effect upon the farmers of the country,

and has no hesitation in saying that it has been highly beneficial. It was possible to investigate the subject without prejudice because of the opinion which we have long held and very freely expressed, that in this war, as in previous wars, the exigencies of the hour would have under any circumstances enhanced the value of land and the profits of farming. But the abstract truth is not the matter in question at the moment. The practical point is how the farmers stood before Mr. Prothero announced these changes and what effect they have had on their minds. The agriculturist, as a rule, has a long memory and not much of that foresight which is born of historical comparison. He remembered the hard times agriculture had come through, the disastrous vicissitudes of price and the wreckage of many a home owing to the cheapness of corn. That he did not anticipate any great revival of prosperity was strikingly proved by the number of farms vacated during the early stages of the war. We commented, during the autumn of 1915, on the exit of East Anglian farmers because they thought profits had reached their maximum, and as sales were going well they seized the chance of getting out with enough to provide a moderate competence for the rest of their days. It was to reassure such doubters that a minimum price for wheat was suggested.

Fortunately for politicians a new organisation has been started in the shape of the County War Agricultural Committee—a body of men and women who are in close touch with the actual cultivators throughout the country. The evidence of those on the Executive of these Committees is unanimous. They say that the announcement of minimum prices had the most exhilarating and beneficial effect upon the farmers. We are not going too far in asserting that this was the first step by the Government which turned the farmers into enthusiastic supporters. If they have not succeeded as yet in bringing more than a fraction of the 8,000,000 acres of grass, spoken of by the President, into arable, it is from no lack of willingness and enterprise on their part. They had neither the labour nor the machines. They were in the position of an army short alike of soldiers and munitions. But as steps were taken to provide these they started to work with a will. The offer of minimum prices caused such a revolution in English agriculture as has not been witnessed before.

For these reasons it must be regarded as unfortunate that Mr. Runciman fixed upon minimum prices as the central point of his attack on Tuesday night. As we have said, in ordinary times it would have been excusable and even necessary to discuss the change in all its bearings, but as we are standing at the present moment in the most urgent need of more food, and as this plan is the most promising that has yet been devised for getting it produced, theoretical objections ought not to be allowed to stand in the way. The principle involved can be debated at the end of the period, that is to say, five years after the war. There can be no doubt or question about the force and truth of Mr. Prothero's statement that not only will there be universal scarcity while hostilities continue, but that after they cease there will be a wild competition for all exportable foodstuffs. It would not only be impolitic, it would be criminal not to look beforehand to that contingency. Heaven knows that the public men of this country have not since the start of the war been in the habit of thinking very far ahead. If they had, much that has been disastrous would thereby have been avoided. When they happen to do so it would appear to a plain understanding that the only proper course is to support them. And Mr. Runciman has no adequate alternative to propose. His talk of the full granaries which were in the country while Lord Selborne was President of the Board of Agriculture does not bear on the controversy. Lord Selborne filled the post with great ability, but he had not to deal with a world failure in cereal production and the longest winter on record. Then, as now, Mr. Runciman made light of the submarine menace.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Marchioness of Hartington. Lady Hartington is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, and was married at Hatfield on Saturday to the elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



GROUNDS for supporting the Corn Production Bill which came up for second reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday night are set forth in our leading article. Its main provisions deserve the heartiest support. Minimum prices for the farmer and minimum wages for the labourer may be regarded as an emergency exit from a dangerous situation. In times like these one cannot stop to consider if the weapon that comes to hand possesses or does not possess imperfections. If it can achieve the immediate object is the main thing. The Bill is designed to tide us over the war and the hard times that will follow it. But these arguments do not apply to the third Clause which is set up for preventing any extravagant increase of rents. In the judgment of those best qualified to speak, this Clause as drawn will penalise landowners to a very great extent, and they are already having more than a fair share of the hardness of the times. Everything is more expensive than it was, and yet estates have to be maintained. Tenants would soon rise in revolt if attention were not given to fences, drains, outbuildings and other adjuncts of well farmed land. Moreover, taxes, rates and, lastly, the tithe have all gone up considerably. As far as the Corn Production Bill answers to its title and helps to produce any more grain we are all in its favour, but it is an injustice for which no one could provide even a colourable excuse that the owner who is deprived of receiving any benefit from the greater value of his land should be compelled to pay a tithe which rises automatically with the increase of that value.

INCIDENTALLY, the President of the Board of Agriculture, in the course of his speech, provided the very soundest reasons for refusing at the present time to penalise landowners. He said—and the sentence should be written in gold—"Every landowner who is of an age to serve is serving at the front." This is only a slight indication of the spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which has dominated landowners since the beginning of the war. Mr. Prothero, in apologising for the objectionable Clause III, tried to show that no need for it existed. His argument was that "on the vast majority of estates it is the rule not to raise rents to sitting tenants, and I have no reason to believe that that rule is likely to be departed from." Thus he is applying an unreasonable rigour to men whom he compliments on their reasonability! He paid no attention to the landowner's deprivation of nearly all the advantages that used to attend his position. Even sport has been rendered impossible. We should not allude to this unless it were to show the unfairness of the enactment. English landowners have frequently, and with justice, been reproached with letting their land at an uncommercial rent. As a matter of fact, land to-day can be hired within twenty miles of London at a fourth of what similar land is rented for in Ireland. We are writing this from knowledge of exact facts, and the case in mind can be paralleled over and over again at a distance from the Metropolis. It is merely a commonplace to say that the rents of English land are much too low.

THE German night attack on Dover has all the elements of lawlessness and bad generalship. Only one object could the enemy have expected to obtain, and that was the infusion of terror into the minds of the peaceful inhabitants of Dover. They must have known beforehand that in the dark it was utterly impossible to achieve any legitimate military object. The move was countered in the most masterly style. Then the German Headquarters issued a communiqué which had every bad quality that could be imparted to it. It was absolutely untrue. So far from

there being a preponderance of British ships, there were two destroyers engaged against a squadron of eight, as appears from their account of their steaming out of Zeebrugge. They inflicted no casualties to speak of. Their shells, instead of falling on Dover, fell on ploughed fields, where they were picked up the following morning by a population intent on possessing souvenirs. Their talk of prisoners translated into fact was that they took three peaceful sailors from a little barge which they allowed to drift afterwards—a very great contrast to the crowd of German seamen and officers which our men rescued after they had sunk the enemy craft. Like a great many other things done by Germany recently, this was a mad and random effort.

LANGUAGE is inadequate to express the loathing which has been excited throughout the civilised world by the systematic attacks on hospital ships. Even in savage warfare it has been usual to pay some respect to the wounded. The Germans are engaged in sinking ruthlessly ships full, not only of British wounded, but of their own wounded as well. This is one of the infamies against which it is useless merely to direct strong language. Nothing can be done and little need be said about it until the enemy is beaten. But in Professor Wilson's phrase, he must be held to "strict accountability" for outrages of this kind. We do not say this out of any revengeful feeling or because we advocate retribution or punishment for the sake of taking vengeance on a foe. But it should be made clear for all time that civilised mankind recoils in horror from such a crime as that of attacking the maimed and defenceless. Were the Germans able to perpetrate such an iniquity with impunity, the effects would be felt far down the ages. Every ruthless and lawless nation would come to feel that it could do as it liked because after the conflict the darkest deeds would be forgotten. Germans must be taught that these things are unforgettable, and for them they sooner or later they should be arraigned before a tribunal of the nations.

WARATAHS AT KEW.

The April sun is weak and pale,
The world is swept with snow and hail
In many a blinding shower;
The primrose blooms are faint and few,
But in a greenhouse down at Kew
The waratah's in flower.

O comrades of the South, who roam
With weary hearts so far from home,
Call up your golden hour,
And dream of distant skies of blue
Some thirteen thousand miles from Kew,
And waratahs in flower!

Come take your horse and ride with me
Where blue Nepean runs swift to sea
Beneath her mountain tower,
And watch among the tangled fern
The great Australian roses burn—
The waratahs in flower!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

IT has always seemed to us a common-sense view of the situation in Central Europe that the young Emperor Charles cannot possibly get on with Kaiser Wilhelm. In every house one must be master, and the Hapsburg is at least as proud and independent as the Hohenzollern. These two absolute monarchs have equally taken fright at the proceedings in Russia. They evidently recognise that the fall of the Czar inaugurates a new era in Central Europe. The Kaiser tries to palliate the blow by promising his people a new franchise, following therein the advice of that great minister of the Crown, Bismarck, whom in a moment of wrath he discarded. But though the pilot is dropped, it is very evident that the Kaiser is willing to continue navigating the ship according to his rules. What his subjects have reason to doubt is his sincerity. Bismarck advocated liberal measures in war-time merely as a means of suppressing rebellious feelings, and cynically suggested that they might be dropped when peace came. Emperor Charles is probably more sincere than his German Ally. He seems to think of introducing real reform into Austria, and the lamentations of the Hun newspapers form the very best annotation of his text. Some writers appear to think that the whole thing is a blind on the part of the German arch-enemy. We do not think so.

The divergence between Germany and Austria has looked inevitable from the moment when the Emperor Joseph died.

THE British working man will suffer a great deal, but he draws the line at politicians who play about with his beer. That is a game which he has never liked since the day when Jack Cade promised him that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops. In the time of Henry VIII the army mutinied for beer, and on many subsequent occasions interference with the national drink has been anything but welcome. Therefore considerable satisfaction will be felt with the statement made in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon by Captain Bathurst that the conclusion of the Government was that the stoppage of brewing was neither necessary nor practicable. It is to be hoped that this will be the end of a sharp controversy. Things have come to such a pass already that the price of beer has risen very nearly to the level of the price of light wines. A man may obtain a half-bottle of claret for his lunch at little more than the expense of a pint of beer. That perhaps would be no serious result, but one still graver is that when beer is dropped it is usually to make a place for spirits. Now, both beer-drinking and spirit-drinking may be evils, but, if so, the lesser of the two evils is certainly the former.

IT is difficult, indeed impossible, to arrive at an even approximate estimate of the quantity of potatoes that have been set. No doubt many people who never grew potatoes in their lives before are responsible for crops this year, and much has been accomplished by the Agricultural Committees in the way of providing seed for the small growers. On the other hand a great many demands still remain unsatisfied, which means that there are thousands of individuals who have not been able to plant any potatoes this year, and we are very much afraid that it is hopeless to look for any further supply. Those little cultivators can only be exhorted to make the most of what seeds are available, always keeping in view the value of foodstuff in mid-winter and early spring. They can still sow parsnips, although the parsnip likes to be a long time in the ground, and a late sowing cannot be expected to be as productive as an early one. It is otherwise with carrots, which often wait, as it were, for sunny weather, and will do quite well if sown directly. Onions, too, can still be put in the ground with good hope of a successful crop. Beet, of course, can be sown right up to June 1st, and the small holder will be wise if he grows as many varieties of runner and dwarf beans as he can lay hold of. These can be dried naturally in the open air, and if produced in sufficiently large quantities, will be found very useful during winter. There is, practically speaking, no end to their keeping capacity. Roots have a tendency to sprout and lose value as spring advances, but as long as beans and peas are kept dry they are available for the pot.

SIR ARTHUR LEE announced at the adjourned meeting of the Agricultural Committees of the House of Lords and the House of Commons that, as a result of the extraordinary exertions made during the year, 300,000 acres of grassland have been ploughed up with a view to producing wheat, and that if the war continues it will be necessary to plough up 3,000,000 acres during the present year. We should say it would be equally necessary whether the war ends or is still going on, because the dearth of food is more likely to be accentuated than diminished after the declaration of peace. On the surface the addition of 300,000 acres looks reassuring, but it would be a grave error to assume that the preparations made are likely to increase to any very great extent the food supplies in autumn. Nothing but praise can be given to the fine programme which he has drawn up for the crops of 1918, but it is far more urgent to increase food of every kind for the latter part of this year. Unfortunately, the means of doing so are becoming weekly more circumscribed. The great foodstuffs, cereals and roots, may come out better than there is any reason to hope if we have an exceptionally good season, but everything is so very late that the chances are not, to say the least, favourable. A great deal has been gained by the awakening of agriculture, but that awakening must be greater still. Every nerve and every energy should be strained to make the earth produce food of some sort for the coming autumn. As it is, the country has before it weeks, perhaps months, of scarcity, bordering, at least, on famine.

IT was a dramatic surprise when Mr. Balfour, on the plea of other engagements, failed to turn up at the historic meeting when, as it were, deep answered deep, or, in other

words, the Prime Minister, in answer to a speech by the American Ambassador, eloquently welcomed the advent into the Entente of the United States. Everybody who knows Mr. Balfour is aware that it is one of his cardinal principles to hold the American Democracy in the highest esteem; and, as a matter of fact, the real reason for his absence was that he had crossed the Atlantic with a long train of diplomatic and other ministers for the purpose of conferring with the authorities at Washington. He has made an excellent impression out there and, although, as he pointed out, the occasion is not one for much speaking, he has delivered himself of one or two momentous statements. One is that in his estimation the war will be a long one. It is well both for this country and for America to take that into account. In the popular fancy, the war has been going to conclude at the end of nearly every month since it began, but there is a very long journey before us yet. Hindenburg may be depended upon to put up an obstinate defence in the West. If he is pressed back, it will be slowly. And it will tax all the resources of the Allied Navies to quell the submarine. We shall succeed in the end, but it is just as well to steel our minds for a hard and prolonged struggle.

A VILLAGE PATRIOT.

Old Betty keeps, by Bredon hill,
A little odds and ends-y store,
While her old beery husband Bill
Smokes dawdling at the door.

"Goo' marnin', zur! What noos to-day
About the war?" he said, "I hear
Things doan't seem goin' jest our way,
But lookin' mazin' queer."

"Oh, cheer up, Bill! Tell me instead
How you are showing your pluck and grit;
What are you giving up," I said,
"To help you do your bit?"

"Ah, us must all do that, no doubt,
For 'tis our dooty, that it is,"
Bill answered—"us must goo wi'out
Our little luzuries;

"An', true's I stand in this 'ere shop,
For five, ah, six months, I declare
I aint touched not—one—single—drop
O' milk! Ask missus, there."

HABBERTON LULHAM.

A STATEMENT made by Sir Richard Winfrey to the effect that nine-elevenths of the seed potatoes ordered through the Government before February had been delivered is misleading. A mistake very generally made by the County Agricultural Committees throughout the country was that of assuming that cottagers and allotment holders looked six months forward to the purchase of seed potatoes. In a vast number of cases no attention whatever was paid to the notices sent out last autumn, with the result that wherever one goes just now there is an insistent search and demand for seed potatoes. The men have been industriously digging their allotments in the pathetic hope that in the end the Government would come to their rescue. Unfortunately, those who omitted to place their orders in good time belong to the very class which it is most desirable to help. It would have been an extraordinary relief to the economic situation if, as Mr. Prothero suggested at an early period, allotments and gardens had been thoroughly well stocked with potatoes and other foods, so that each family in the country would have been self-supporting so far as these articles of diet go. But the only counties that were successful in attaining this object were those that forced the question before those smallest of all holders by means of local committees and advertisement.

OUR readers are sure to be interested in the vivid impression which Mr. Edward Marshall gives of the ceremony at St. Paul's. It is curiously significant that the voice of the Bishop of the Philippines issued almost direct from the tombs of the two great fighting heroes of modern England, Nelson and Wellington. For Nelson lies in the richly carved tomb which Ravezzano the Florentine carved in England for the body of Cardinal Wolsey, who died in disgrace and left it untenanted until it found an occupant in our greatest seaman.

ENLIVENING FOOD PRODUCTION

III.—MIDDLESEX.

MIDDLESEX, as behoves the county in which the capital is situated, abounds in market gardens, and in consequence is to a large extent cultivated intensively. It has been frequently urged that every rustic who has access to a bit of ground should grow enough foodstuff for his own consumption and that of his family. His crops should be the most homely, useful and long-keeping. He must look forward to hard times next winter and store his clamps with potatoes, parsnips, carrots, onions and other roots. And in summertime he should have a pig or rabbits to turn the refuse of his greenstuff into meat. If he does that he will at once save his own pocket and rid the community of possible anxiety. But the great town working-class population cannot so grow their food, and there will always be myriads of the well-to-do in London and other large towns who depend on the dairy for their milk and on the greengrocer for vegetables. Thus it is important that the market gardens should be at least as well cultivated as the allotments. And to ensure this has been a principal task of the Middlesex Executive County War Committee, though it has been combined with another no less important. If the Uxbridge Road be taken as a rough dividing line, it may be said that the land to the south (brick, earth and to a small extent alluvium) is where you should look for market gardens, fruit gardens and orchards. To the north lies a region where the soil is cold, heavy London clay. It is mainly grass, and the advantage of ploughing any great quantity up is not very readily admitted by the typical farmer of Middlesex. As a rule, he prides himself with justice on his skill in growing and saving hay. His millennium occurred before the advent of the motor-bus, when a great part of his business lay in sending forage to the great London stables. No farmer is better at getting a hay crop satisfactorily through a bad season.

Labour was the difficulty which most impressed the Executive Committee at the beginning. It appeared hopeless to expect that the standard of production could be maintained at the 1914 level. But the Executive stuck to their guns. There are five members—all County Aldermen or Councillors—and therefore familiar with the local conditions. The Chairman is Mr. A. W. Perkin of Harrow, and his colleagues are Mr. Lobjoit, Viscount Enfield, Mr. Norman and Mr. Robbins. The Executive Officer is Mr. Crothall. Five ladies are on the General Committee, and there is also an energetic Middlesex Women's War Committee, with Lady Enfield as Chairman, and Lady Margaret Boscawen as Organising Secretary, which has been able to enlist plenty of women for labour and to make adequate arrangements for giving those who needed it a preliminary training. A milking school is in operation, and good work is being done.

THE SUPPLY OF LABOUR.

Intensive cultivation makes a greater demand on human hands than extensive cultivation, and the scarcity of labour makes itself felt in the garden more than on the farm. The ploughing season was tided over by soldiers lent for the purpose. Between 600 and 700 men have been employed in this way. Of these 486 were supplied by the Agricultural Labour Companies at Mill Hill, Hounslow and Reading barracks. Only a small number of men have been obtained from the National Service Department. The situation even now is not very satisfactory. Under any circumstances the weather would have caused the work to fall behind, and its influence has been much more felt owing to the dearth of workers. Then the soldiers are to be recalled to their regiments at the end of April, and though it is hoped that others will take their places, there is some reason for doubt. In the midst of the great push the demand of the Army is likely to be imperative, and with the best will in the world the military authorities may be compelled to negative the desire of the agriculturists. It was officially announced last week that prisoners of war have been at work in East Sussex, Huntingdon and Worcester with most excellent results, and other places propose to make similar experiments. The only obstacle to their fuller employment throughout the country is military red tape. We are not disposed to attach much importance to the difficulty of guarding them, of which so much has been made. This has been got over most effectually in France, where, practically speaking, every suitable prisoner of war is now engaged in agricultural

work. Not only so, but it has been found possible to allot to the peasant proprietors a single man where only one was needed, and in practice it has been found that one sentry is sufficient guard for the workers on several farms when the latter are situated close to one another. As a matter of fact, about 160 prisoners of war are employed close to the camp at Feltham, but the military authorities will not use a motor transport to send them to distant farms. Surely a little ingenuity might discover other means. There are in Middlesex, as in Hertfordshire and all the Home Counties, empty houses and other buildings where prisoners of war could be accommodated quite easily. In the other belligerent countries, as well as in France, the difficulty has been surmounted, and we cannot see why it should stand in the way of increased food production here. Those who allow it to do so do not understand the very great urgency there is for hurrying up agricultural work. The next two months promise to be the hardest that the oldest living Englishman has known. Nor is there any assurance that the harvest of 1917 will be more bountiful than that of 1916. Owing to natural causes work over the whole country is much behindhand, and the very high price of seed, as well as the scarcity, has hindered many small cultivators from doing what might otherwise have been possible. It is said by the military authorities that other work has been found for the prisoners of war, but along with that comes the official announcement that in a small way they are being used here and there. Middlesex has probably got through its ploughing as well as any other county. A number of tractors are at work, including a "Titan." On the other hand, nothing of importance has resulted from the privately owned motor tractors and ploughs of which the Board of Agriculture took control. It is reported that none of these has yet done any effective work, and that means that there has been a great deal of bother for nothing, as they are to be returned to their owners by May 1st. Some trouble has been experienced in finding drivers.

BADLY CULTIVATED LAND.

Middlesex as a whole is one of the best cultivated counties in Great Britain, and yet the Committee have found cases where land is to a large extent neglected. They have not taken over any farms for the purpose of cultivation, but have made arrangements in several cases to have the work done. An adjoining cultivator was induced to undertake the management of certain neglected land near Hanworth.

The method of dealing with land which is not cultivated as well as it should be has been very conciliatory. There has been no attempt to ride the high horse, but rather to induce owners and occupiers either to cultivate the land themselves or agree to a sensible scheme for getting it done. A very good example of the sort of letter sent was written under the following circumstances: In the report on the land it was stated that the acres under roots and clover should now be under wheat, and every effort should have been made to sow the wheat last autumn. Twenty-five acres of the wheat stubble was foul and the rest grassy, and having been neglected since last autumn, should have immediate attention. Ninety acres should have been got into readiness for this year. A satisfactory reply not being forthcoming, the Committee prepared a schedule of calculations and sent a letter, of which the following is an extract: "My Committee feel very reluctant to deal with the land in accordance with the powers conferred upon them under the Cultivation of Lands Order, and they would be very glad to learn from you that you are able to undertake and do the work according to the schedule, and within the time stated. In the event of your requiring help, my Committee would be very glad to assist you in any possible way either with labour or machinery." Our purpose in quoting this is to show the steps taken by the Middlesex Agricultural Executive Committee to impress the features of the new agricultural policy upon the farmers, some of whom evidently fail to realise their obligations to the nation. There can be no doubt about the immense good that has been accomplished in this direction. The farmer in the country who has neither time nor inclination to read many newspapers very often misses the exhortations so plentifully addressed to him. Food Controllers may growl and agricultural politicians may argue, and they have no effect simply because the agriculturist has not heard them. But when a committee comes along and says that such and such

land is wrongly and badly cultivated and requires that these specific steps should be taken to put it right, then the farmer is obliged to give his attention to the matter. He is awakened from his torpor and turned into a live man. That, then, is the real work which the Middlesex Executive

Committee has accomplished up to now. It has brought home to the farmers of Middlesex the realisation of the fact that cultivating the land is no longer an occupation to be followed by rule of thumb, but one to call forth the utmost alertness of mind.

ECONOMICS AND WAR: THE POSITION IN NORTHERN EUROPE

BY ARCHIBALD HURD.

NEARLY twenty years ago Sir William Crookes declared that all civilised nations stood "in deadly peril of not having enough to eat" because "as mouths multiply, food resources dwindle." He foretold that, if this tendency continued unchecked, a large portion of the human race would be starving by 1931; but he added the comforting assurance that it was "through the laboratory that starvation might ultimately be turned into plenty." Every square yard of the earth's surface, he recalled, has nitrogen gas pressing down on it to the extent of about seven tons; but it is in a free state and wheat demands it fixed. From this consoling thought he passed to another. Niagara alone was capable of supplying the required electric energy, without greatly lessening its flow, to provide 12,000,000 tons of nitrate of soda annually, enabling the wheat yield to be raised to the thirty bushel standard essential for the world's needs, and the period of want to be at least postponed until science had made some new conquest.

War has come to affect in some measure what Sir William Crookes believed the natural increase of population over a long series of years would do. An immense body of workers has been withdrawn from the land in Europe, and simultaneously the weather has been unfavourable to the crops in other continents. It is estimated that, outside the territories controlled by the enemy armies, the coming harvest will be 27.7 per cent. lower than last year. It may be assumed, in the absence of any statistics, that in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey the yield will be smaller this year than even in 1916; Germany was accustomed to import about one million tons of artificial manures annually, and now she cannot obtain them. President Wilson remarked the other day, "the world's food reserves are low"; in the course of the next few months they will become more restricted. No one gifted with an appreciation of the economic conditions now steadily coming into view would dare prophesy what will be the resources available in Europe next spring, whether the war ends this summer or continues its devastating course over another winter.

The hasty conclusion may be formed that the people of the United Kingdom will suffer most grievously if there is any increase of food shortage. If the submarine piracy can be restricted to narrow limits in the course of the coming months, as may confidently be expected, and if a big programme of merchant shipbuilding is energetically pressed to completion, the people of the United Kingdom, like the remainder of the inhabitants of the Empire, should suffer least of all peoples, since they possess immense resources overseas and in the background will stand the United States as the storehouse of all the Allies. But the position is grave. "Not only during the present emergency, but for some time after peace shall have come, both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely on the harvests of America." That is the declaration of Mr. Wilson, and he added that "upon the American farmers in a large measure rests the fate of the war, the fate of nations."

We need not pause to consider here and now the position of the peoples of Central Europe; they have made their bed and must lie in it, however much the suffering involved. On the other hand, it is pertinent to glance at the state of the neutral Powers of Northern Europe, small and weak, who were caught by the war unprepared to defend themselves, with weapons, lethal, political or economic, against the evils which hostilities have thrust on them. When Europe was last engulfed in a vast struggle, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Holland were largely independent of outside supplies; what they produced of food sufficed for their needs. But during the last hundred years changes have occurred in their economic condition. To-day they are, in large measure, dependent on sea transport for the means of existence, and at this moment, when "the world's food reserves are low," German submarines are sinking the ships constituting their life-lines.

The British people have always regarded these unhappy neighbours of Germany, existing cheek by jowl with Prussianism, with sympathy, and that feeling will be accentuated in the months to come when these small States are brought face to face with want owing to the influence which war and weather are exercising on the economic foundations of the world. None of these countries can live in health and comfort without access to overseas markets. They require to import wool and cotton to the extent of nearly 120,000 tons annually, and in less degree leather, for clothing. Only by the sea routes terminating in the North Sea, where the Germans by mines and underwater craft have striven to create a reign of terror, can they obtain most of their groceries such as tea, coffee, cocoa, spices and a proportion of their fruit.

It is open to doubt whether the respective Governments of Scandinavia and Holland have yet realised the extent to which their inhabitants are dependent on foreign markets and the goodwill of the Allies' Fleets for much of the comfort which they have hitherto enjoyed. They produce a superabundance of dairy produce of all descriptions, but their supplies of cereals fall far short of their needs, as the following statements of average annual imports of wheat, rye, barley, etc. (including flour), reveal:

	Norway.	Sweden.	Denmark.	Holland.
	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
(a) Home production ..	300,000	3,500,000	2,250,000	900,000
(b) Imports ..	415,000	320,000	400,000	1,200,000
Total ..	715,000	3,820,000	2,650,000	2,100,000

It is apparent that the position of neither Norway nor Holland is an enviable one, particularly as the latter country must look overseas—and in vain, it may be feared—for a quarter of its fodder. In the latter respect Norway and Sweden are more fortunately placed, but Denmark has to import in a normal year over one-eighth of the food for her cattle.

With the exception of Norway, which produces practically all the artificial manure her farmers need, these countries have to employ ships for the carriage of nitrates and phosphates, fertilisers which are absolutely necessary if their soil is not to be relatively less productive than in the past. The average imports of Chile saltpetre into Sweden and Denmark in the years 1911-1913 amounted in each case to about 33,000 tons and the Dutch imports of this commodity were 76,000 tons. As regards phosphates, imports before the war were as follows: Norway about 40,000 tons, Sweden 80,000 tons, Denmark 130,000 tons and Holland 200,000 tons.

A large proportion of these imports were in the form of Thomas phosphates (basic slag) from Germany, but it may be safely assumed that Germany cannot spare any of these commodities for export at the present time. Imports at the present time take the form of rock phosphates from overseas, but to obtain them ships must be employed. Before rock phosphates can be used as fertilisers they have to be transformed into superphosphates by being treated with sulphuric acid. In the light of these figures as to dependence on overseas supplies of artificial manures, it must be evident that the agricultural outlook in Scandinavia and Holland may become critical in the months which lie ahead.

But this summary does not exhaust the troubles which are afflicting these peoples of Northern Europe. Norway usually imports 48,000 tons of sugar, besides 14,000 tons of fruit (fresh or dried); Sweden, in addition to 13,000 tons of sugar, looks overseas for 15,000 tons of fruit, which is also the measure of Denmark's requirements; while Holland, self-sufficing in the matter of sugar, normally receives in her ships as much as 24,000 tons of fruit. These figures suggest the possibility of a serious shortage of supplies at a moment when orders are difficult to place and ocean transport not easy to secure. But in respect of oils these four countries are also dependent on the sea as the following statement of the annual imports of oil-seeds, vegetable oils, and animal oils and fat reveals:

	Norway. tons.	Sweden. tons.	Denmark. tons.	Holland. tons.
Oil-seeds	15,000	24,000	93,000	294,000*
Vegetable oils and fats ..	11,000	26,000	6,000	17,000
Animal oils and fats ..	—	6,000	5,000	5,000

* In large part for the manufacture of margarine which is now being exported chiefly to the United Kingdom.

These small States, sandwiched between the naval forces of Germany on the one hand and Britain and Russia on the other, occupy unenviable positions. They have maintained a neutral attitude towards the belligerents, but that has not saved them from experiencing the inconveniences of war. Now the struggle is entering on a fresh phase owing to the entry of the United States into the conflict. When Americans fight, they do so

in no half-hearted manner, as the history of the Civil War attests. The Confederacy applied naval pressure on the South with merciless rigour, and at last the armies of the rebels were forced to surrender more by hunger eating away their strength than by defeat on the field of battle. The Americans have hitherto been the far distant spectators of the British blockade, checking its stringency as neutrals; they will now be interested in stopping any leakage of food or other goods through Germany's conveniently placed side doors. Scandinavia and Holland will probably feel the influence of this new ally in a more severe rationing of overseas supplies at a time when their means of transport is shrinking owing to Germany's ruthless warfare in the North Sea with submarine and mine, and the world's food resources are becoming more and more restricted.

THE MEANING OF THE CEREMONY AT ST. PAUL'S TO AN AMERICAN

By EDWARD MARSHALL.

HALL CAINE tells me that he saw a flood of sunshine come through the windows of the dome in golden glory touching the two flags—both red and white and blue—that for the first time in the history of the great edifice hung side by side in old St. Paul's the other day. I did not see this burst of sunshine; perhaps my head was bowed in thankfulness for the occasion; but every American in the vast congregation felt a glow of even finer warmth than sunshine's, was conscious of a light illuminating far more than the flags, lighting, indeed, the future of the world.

For who can feel, if the two great peoples who proclaim those flags stand together firmly for and in the right, that ever wrong again can triumph or even dare to try to urge its grey-clad, helmeted, close-marching ranks to butchery? A man from our Vermont helped me down the steps after the great ceremony. That Britain's flag, like ours, is red and white and blue had impressed him that day for the first time. "And the colours are the same as those of France!" he said, a little wonderingly. "Friend, we cannot lose." At the bottom of the steps we paused. "An Englishman could sing our good old song, 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue,' and be thinking about home with every word!" he said. And it is true. So could a Frenchman. And the only tune we have for that great other song of ours, which really is our national anthem, "My Country 'tis of Thee," is that of Britain's "God Save the King." More Americans sang Britain's song that day than sang their own.

Perhaps there we have the whole thing in a nutshell—the thing meant by the mighty meeting at St. Paul's which so finely celebrated the momentous linking of democracies. Never once in history have autocracies combined for battle in an unselfish cause as, now, the world's democracies are linked. How tremendous are the forces which Evil has arrayed against itself! The meeting at St. Paul's was epochal in meanings. Russia was the one autocracy with the Allies, America was the one great democracy not with them. Now America is with them, and the impulse of democracy which throbs through the struggle has been strong enough to metamorphose Russia while yet the war progresses.

Perhaps the moral signified was the greatest ever celebrated in a simple dedication of song, of oratory and of prayer. Humanity progresses; the sun breaks through the clouds and stirs to vivid brilliance the red and white and blue of Liberty. The day of despotism passes. Perhaps the school books of the future in England and America will be better planned than those of days gone by have been. Perhaps they may tell the illuminating tale of the two Georges and of two democracies. One culminated in a quaint, red-brick building in Philadelphia—a building I know well—wherein hangs splendid cracked Liberty Bell, on which was sounded the death-knell of intolerance in the New World and the birth-chime of Democracy. That was the glory of the thing. Its tragedy was that it split the English-speaking race into two peoples, a split entirely unnecessary. In that quaint old building 144 years ago was signed the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. That ended, so far as my to-day's topic is concerned, the tale of the first George I have mentioned and the third in British history. My part of the tale of the second George, who is germane to this topic and the fifth in British history, began the other day, in that especial and immense significance which thrust Friday, April 20th, A.D. 1917, out of the ruck of years

into the eminence of the birthday of a great and good event, as the war's beginning thrust August 4th, A.D. 1914, into encrimsoned shame for ever as the birthday of the greatest crime in history, the most terrible event in human annals, Germany's lustful rape of Belgium and her vigorous and terrible attempt to violate all human chastity of ideas, ideals and liberties. When George V walked slowly down the aisle in old St. Paul's that glorious recent midday those two flags of freedom hung, widespread and splendid, similarly coloured, differently designed. I watched the monarch as he trod toward them the historic stones on which so many kings have walked. His eyes were steadily on them—first one and then the other.

The Union Jack, with its three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, made perfect harmony of colour with that other glowing emblem with its thirteen stripes for those determined colonies which spurned oppression and its little firmament of stars which tell the fuller story of the linked and liberated commonwealths making up the modern nation of the great free people which, as the King strode forward, stood tense beyond three thousand miles of sea, in perfect sympathy with all that was proceeding in the old cathedral. The Stars and Stripes again were flung in war; a war which the President of the nation which they symbolise had said would be a war "without rancour, without selfish object, seeking nothing for themselves but what they wish to share with all free peoples." To an American like myself—and Americans, I think, are as a rule more sentimental than their British brethren (lately cousins)—the moment thrilled.

Presently a Bishop, accredited not to the Land of Liberty which had built itself in stern revolt against the England of the eighteenth century George and at last had steadfastly allied itself with that England of the twentieth century George, but from a far-flung archipelago to which that land has borne the bright flag of its freedom, stepped into the old, historic pulpit—itsself memorial to daring men and gallant deeds in the advance of civilisation.

Of the great free nation which spreads liberty beyond the seas he said, "She thinks so much of peace that for its sake she is ready to pay the price of war"; and, a moment later, "the democracies of the war are now so interlocked . . . that they never can be separated when the days of reconstruction come!"

And overhead the two flags hung, calm in the still air of the sanctuary—red, and white, and blue—red for the blood of free men shed for freedom's sake, white for the purity of motive which fights unselfishly for the freedom of those who are oppressed, and blue for the heavenly right of every man and every woman, every boy and every girl loftily to aspire in peace, to know ambition, to fight superstition and oppression. It was fitting that this consecration of the union of the two free peoples should occur in a religious edifice. And, further, it was fitting that that edifice should be the greatest in the greatest English-speaking city.

In the crypt below the auditorium in which the great event occurred lie many dead who in their lives were eminent. After the crowd had cleared away and the last strains of "God Save the King" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" had ceased to echo underneath the venerable roof, I went among them. There lay Wellington, the Iron Duke, sleeping in his great sarcophagus of Cornish porphyry which Landseer's lions guard. What would Wellington have said if he had lived to see the war? Would it not have been:

"Now that the world's free peoples have joined hands oppression cannot possibly endure?" He was one of the world's great lovers of pure liberty.

Not far away lies Roberts—"Bobs." But a few nights before, at the dinner of the Pilgrims' Club, after thrilling speeches by Lord Bryce, Lord Robert Cecil and the American Ambassador, all marvellously happy because the later ceremony had been made a possibility, I had heard a tale of "Bobs." When King Edward's Coronation was postponed, Lord Roberts, the American General "Joe" Wheeler and Harry Brittain, indefatigable optimist and friend of friendship, filled with consciousness of the necessity for brotherhood between the Englishman and the American, spent two days in cabs driving about London, organising

Now the demand arises from voices far more numerous and thunderous even than all England's, for the right-thinking nations of the world in partnership are thrusting forth their eager sons to do—to die, if necessary, in the doing—but at any cost to do that selfsame duty—to proceed with the great work of making the world free. The fine chorus of the choir and the inspiring harmonies of the great band reverberated through the crypt the other day and must have stirred the oaken-hearted Admiral to a fine joy.

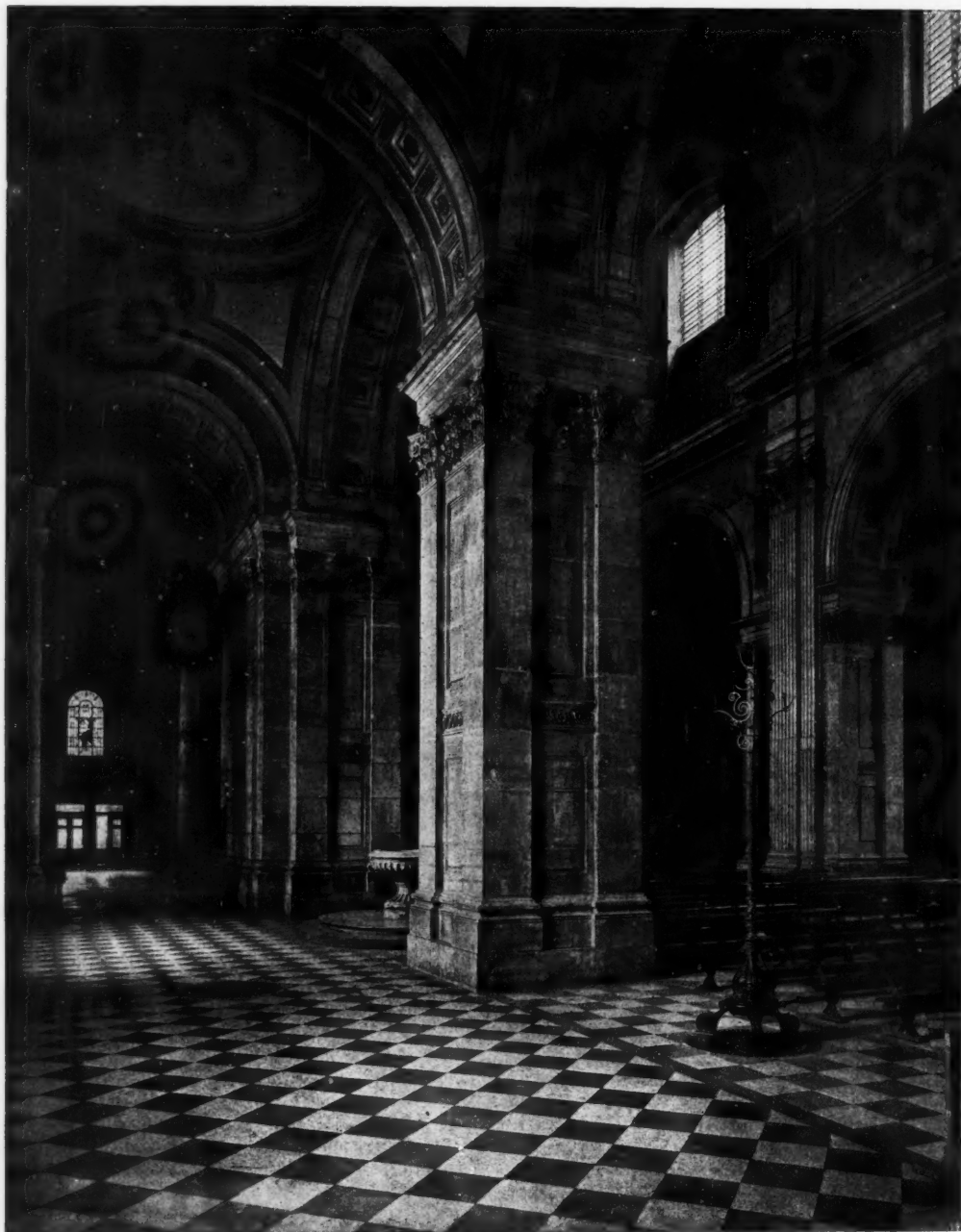
Nelson's and Wellington's are the only bodies which lie entombed above ground beneath St. Paul's. To them the chorded cadence of the rich, bold, brazen harmonies of the British and American hymns must have penetrated with an intense thrill. The music from above rolls through

the crypt extraordinarily. The funeral car of Wellington, cast out of captured guns and weighing eighteen tons, is close at hand. It cost £20,000 and made but the one journey—to bear him to his tomb. So England honoured her great heroes of the past. How will she honour those of to-day, whose fight it may well be shall be the final fight for human liberty? At any rate, she will not honour them alone, for the two flags afloat above that funeral car in the same sanctuary were that day dedicated to the selfsame cause.

In all my hour there in the crypt I found no tombs other than of Englishmen except those of Americans. I was amazed to see how generous has been the hospitality of Britain, how ready she has been to do high honour to the dead of my own nation which now, happily, is her Ally. Two German banners still hang in the crypt, but that is British fairness. Fairly they were hung there and fairly they are left to hang. But not so far away from them I found the tomb of Benjamin West, the painter, who was "born" (the graving on his tomb proclaims) "in Springfield, Chester County, in the State

of Pennsylvania," and "died in London"—highly honoured, as many Englishmen have been in the United States. We have never lost our respect for one another, though we have been far separated, like two brothers who have quarrelled but still feel the claim of kin though they deny it.

Not far away a tablet does honour to the memory of E. A. Abbey, whose mural decorations telling the great story of the Search for the Holy Grail are Boston's treasures. His country now has found her Holy Grail again—the Cup of Sacrifice—and lifted it to calm, determined lips, prepared to drink that her and his blood-brethren here in England may be saved some of the lethal draft. Abbey (in his life I knew him) would have been intensely joyous had he lived to see that Friday's ceremony.



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INSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE SOUTH AISLE.

B. T. Batsford

the now famous society. It was hoped that it might help to link the peoples. Now, there in the crypt, must not "Bobs" kindly, keen and calm old face have smiled in his deep sleep, that day? The most vivid wish of his late years had come to what we living hope will be but the beginning of a wonderful fruition. And near lies Wolseley, who, long before he went to sleep in old St. Paul's, had told his dreams of international force for righteousness. Did the benignity of the great day thrill down to him and make his slumbers in the old crypt pleasanter?

What would that day have meant to Nelson, another of the great companions in that deathless group of dead? "England expects every man to do his duty" burst one day to immortality out of his lips and is graven on his tomb.



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THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

B. T. Batsford.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

THERE is something equally new and refreshing in the appearance of the autobiography of a professional interviewer. Mr. Raymond Blathwayt is one of the most refined and delightful representatives of that class of journalist. He drifted into the calling and he followed it in a way entirely his own. He calls his book *Through Life and Round the World* (Allen and Unwin), but an alternative title might have been "The interviewer interviewed, or an artist's portrait of himself." And the picture has a most interesting background. At such a pace has the world been rushing forward that the sixties and seventies of last century seem to have receded into the Middle Ages, and it is not disagreeable to be transported backward to a time when "stunnin'" was the equivalent of our "top hole," and boys were boys and not their fathers' "pals." Raymond Blathwayt was the son of a convict chaplain, and one of his first stories is that of a most charming convict who taught him new Sunday School hymns and flirted so successfully with the cook that she dressed him in the discarded old clothes of the parson her master and helped him to escape, the little boy conniving. His father did not know, and that was all the better for his heir, since he had old-fashioned ideas of discipline. Yet Mr. Blathwayt preferred the old to the new, as witness the following anecdote:

A year or two ago I was lunching with some friends and their son, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, home from a very famous Public School for the holidays.

"Let me have some champagne, mother," he said.

"Oh no, darling, I can't; it's too early."

"Oh, don't be a fool, mother; let me have some."

"No, darling; I really don't think it's good for you."

"You filthy swine!" he cried, his face black with passion.

There was a dead silence. I looked at his father, earnestly hoping that he would then and there break every bone in his body. Oh no, not the "pal" father! Not a bit of it!

"Oh, Harry, you shouldn't talk like that to your mother, you know." That was all he said.

I leaned over towards the brute and I said, "My father would have killed me if I had said that to my mother!"

Some of my modern readers will marvel at my emotion on this occasion. Well, they may. I can only say that there are times when one could commit murder and be justified in committing it. That was one of them for me.

But the seventies, be they what they may, were not milk-and-water times. London was then a very gay city, as our author shows it. After referring to such well known men about town as Glynne Turquand, "Charlie" Buller of the 2nd Life Guards, Charles Chase Parr the Harrow cricketer, and Chandos-Pole, all well known figures at the boxing saloon of Jem Mace in St. James's Street, he goes on:

I remember one well-known man about town, a connection of my own, bearing an historic name, who walked into a certain bar, and, catching a glimpse of a big picture of Queen Elizabeth, he said: "Oh, that's the old girl who beheaded my ancestor," and taking a revolver out of his hip pocket, he forthwith put a bullet clean through the virgin Queen's right eye! And then there were the Argyll Rooms, which were open for dancing all night long; and Barnes's famous "Blue Posts" in the Haymarket, a very fashionable resort for the young men of the period, when Piccadilly was crammed all night long with innumerable "soiled doves"—and very lovely women many of them were too—and everybody went home with the milk and a frightful headache.

Very pleasant, too, are his memories of a vagabond tour in the States in early adolescence, during which he sojourned for a while with two companions in a little Connecticut country town. There occurred the episode of the travelling circus and the "leading lady" with whom one of his companions fell in love. But that tale is not so delicious as the philosophy of the circus proprietor:

I asked the proprietor once why he mixed up menageries and circus dancers in the way he did.

"Well, young feller," he said, "it's like this. Pretty often round about these ornary old New England towns the people are so religious they wouldn't go to a circus nowadays. But a camel or an elephant or a serpent—well, you'll find them all in the Bible. Behemoth, he's a elephant, and the camel goin' through a needle's eye, and, of course, the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Well, I always bring in them scriptooral references, and they know what they're up against, and they think tights ain't so wicked 'longside of an elephant or a camel."

But all about this trip is coloured with the light of a westering sun, a sun shining on the memory of a gay, high-spirited youth. This chapter in life is followed by a longer one in which he fills the part of a curate. How the Church failed to satisfy him is told at great length, and how doubts grew and the light failed, and how he was again reduced to impecuniosity in London are duly set forth. A new

departure can be fixed as occurring when a peer's cousin equally down on his heels managed to tap his aristocratic relation for "a bundle of five pound notes." This success was celebrated at "Jemmy's," one of the few high-class restaurants of that day:

Suddenly my friend, who had very thoroughly sampled the ducal vintage, said to me—

"Look here, old chap, you're d—d clever fella; why don't h you writesh for papersh?"

"No good," I replied. "I don't even know how to start about it. Besides, I don't know what to say."

"Do interviewsh like American chaps; you get the money and the other fella does the work."

But the essence of the contract is the entry of Mr. Blathwayt into the Bohemian ranks of journalism. When he left the Church he had no visible means of support, and dwelt in London as an idler and looker-on. After many experiences, which he has the merit of relating very divertingly, he gave up, and on the suggestion quoted above he started interviewing on his own lines. The first of his victims was William Black the novelist, a man of great importance in his day, although in the way of being forgotten now. It happened that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the wild guidance of Mr. W. T. Stead, was drooping badly after its excursion into the naughtiness of "The Maiden Tribute"; hence it was certainly more respectable to write on William Black and the little ways in which he concocted "Macleod of Dare" and those other innocuous novels of his. But Mr. Blathwayt wrote with a charming pen, and it may be safely said of him that he touched no subject that he did not embellish. There was a great time in his life when his interviews were looked for in nearly every newspaper of note, and the day soon arrived when he landed himself securely within the bosom of *Great Thoughts* and knew no more the want and hardship of some of his early days. We fancy that he regrets his good fortune, because there was nothing he went through that was not brightened by his own high spirit and irrepressible sense of fun.

Grapes of Wrath, by Boyd Cable. (Smith Elder, 5s.)

"Mine eyes have seen the coming of the Glory of the Lord;

He is tramping out the vintage where the *grapes of wrath* are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible sharp sword,
His truth is marching on."

WITH the American Battle Hymn echoing through the book, Mr. Boyd Cable has given us vivid pen pictures of what a "great push" means. The thread of the story is slight. There are three musketeers, and the "d'Artagnan" is a Kentucky man who "fought foh yoh country because I thought yoh country was right. But I come at last to fight foh her, because I've got to be proud of her and of belonging to her." His three friends were Larry Arundel, of good family, Billy Simson, a shop assistant, and "Pug," a gutter-snipe turned hero. Of the four, only "Kentuck" and Larry come alive through the hell of fighting, and both were badly wounded. The story of how the Stonewalls went into action and how they comported themselves is as convincing as anything but seeing could well be. The chapter on the proceedings of the "Tanks" is a brilliant and, despite the undertone of tragic horror, an amusing essay in description. In his own art the author's pen is well matched with Mr. Muirhead Bone's pencilled presentment of the "Tank." The Battle Hymn has been an inspiration to Mr. Boyd Cable, but we wish he had not followed common practice in omitting the last and in some respects the most vital of its verses, which was published in these pages last year. To the Kentucky man Julia Ward Howe's lines fitted the tragic pageant of the war at every turn:

"I have read the fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel

As ye deal with My contempters so with you My soul shall deal."

"Bernhardi an' all his lot writ a fiery enough gospel, but it's cold print beside that other one, that strips the last hope of mercy from His contempters with their gospel of blood and iron and terror and frightfulness." And when Kentuck, despite his mutilated hand, sets his face to go into the danger zone again as a Red Cross man, "I've come to believe that all these things fetched home a plain message to me, an' I'd do right to follow the verses as best I could. 'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,' is straight enough, an' I've got to go on offering my life as long as He sees fit to let me, or until He sees fit to take it." In this spirit we may be sure the whole American nation range themselves with us against the enemies of the human race.

Sonia, by Stephen McKenna. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. McKENNA was, we suppose, obliged to fix his choice upon one of the many titles which would equally have labelled his new book; *place aux dames* apparently decided him. We cannot help suspecting, so many are the persons and points of view, so many the changes which take place, so realistically are all interwoven in the tale he tells, that any choice must have seemed arbitrary. The story concerns itself with the affairs of three men from the time when they foregather at "Melton," the oldest English Public School, through their Oxford days, and through later life to the end of the first year of the war when, already, one of the three is dead,

one blinded, and the other a semi-invalid whose part is, like a woman's, to endure as he may, holding the threads of life together for those who shall return. The political part of the book, an account of days and deeds which now seem very far away, is limned with no hesitating hand, and will lead inevitably to the fitting on of caps and, perhaps in certain quarters, to some little irritation; yet for the man in the street it offers the salutary reflection that these fumbings in political darkness which look to him after the event, so dishonest and so insane, are not peculiar to knaves and fools. If we have a quarrel with Mr. McKenna, it is that, having held up a mirror to our past national follies, he offers no very definite suggestions for our future guidance, and somehow leads us to expect them from him. "If

there's to be nothing but a wrangle over frontiers, the discussion of an indemnity, a free fight for stray colonies, a fifty years' peace, even—it wasn't worth sacrificing a single life for that." "The sick, the women, the old men, the boys. It has cost heroic blood to keep them alive. They can no longer map out existence for their amusement, they are in debt for their lives." Such words as these may press upon many of us that sense of personal involvement, as apart from personal loss, of individual responsibility, which so many of us in weaker moments would seek to avoid; but in spite of all this we cannot find that Mr. McKenna puts any truly constructive criticism in the mouths of his characters—even David O'Rane, the genius, fails there—and the effect of the end of the book is disappointing.

IN THE GARDEN



A. W. Smith.

"A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS."

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DAFFODILS NATURALISED IN THE GRASS.

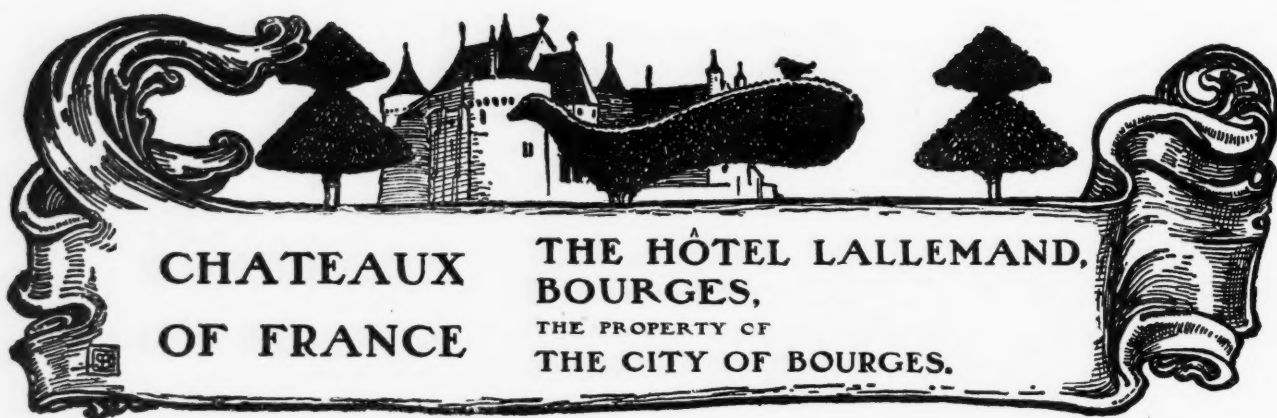
IN these days, when spring bedding seems almost to belong to the distant past, our thoughts turn to the Daffodils in woodlands and by the streams. After the long spell of Arctic weather they are a long way behind their usual time; nevertheless, they are more welcome than ever before, and their bright golden flowers now unfolding are seen from afar and bring memories of peaceful springs in years gone by. The Daffodil is an English flower growing wild in our meadows and naturalised in old orchards. Even in its rare and most costly form the Daffodil is still for us a meadow flower. It seems out of place in beds and borders, but quite at home in woodlands, meadows and orchards. It is by the waterside that the Daffodil is seen to the best advantage, growing waist high by the side of a lake or grouped here and there along the banks of a stream. Along the countryside these welcome flowers have a happy way of coming into view when we least look for them, so that we see them "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the Daffodils by the lakeside.

THE FLOWERING OF THE WARATAH.

THE Waratah has flowered this spring in the Cape House at Kew. This remarkable shrub is the Australian national emblem, and its flowering in this country is a rare horticultural event that must not be allowed to pass unrecorded. It is an extremely difficult plant to cultivate here, even under glass, owing, no doubt, to unsuitable atmospheric conditions and to our damp, sunless winters. The specimen

at Kew is a fairly recent importation and is still growing in its Australian soil with which it was imported. Although the Waratah is so very rarely seen in this country it has, nevertheless, flowered successfully in the open in Cornwall. It is said to have been first introduced to this country as long ago as 1789, but it has always been a rarity here. In the April of 1882 the Waratah flowered at Pendall Court, and when exhibited before the Royal Horticultural Society it was awarded a botanical certificate. At the Chelsea Show in May, 1914, the Rev. A. T. Boscawen astonished the plant experts by showing a magnificent inflorescence of the Waratah which had been grown in the Rectory garden at Ludgoan, Long Rock, Cornwall. The plant then received an award of merit and a cultural commendation was awarded to the exhibitor. The Waratah is known botanically as *Telopea speciosissima*, and is sometimes referred to under the generic name, *Embothrium*, but is familiarly known in New South Wales, of which it is a native, as the Waratah, or Native Tulip. The name *Telopea* is derived from the great distance at which the brilliant crimson flowers can be discerned, and travellers say that Australian black-fellows suck these flowers for the copious supplies of sweet nectar they contain. The *Telopeas* belong to the natural order, *Proteaceae*, and the Waratah has often been described as *the* most beautiful plant in the Australian flora. It is an evergreen shrub, from 6ft. to 8ft. high, though the specimen at Kew is on the small side. The flowers are tubular and arranged in a dense conical head. Additional interest is given to the flowering of the Waratah this spring as so many Australian soldiers in London have made a pilgrimage to Kew Gardens, and, strange as it may seem, quite a number have there seen the Waratah for the first time.

H. C.



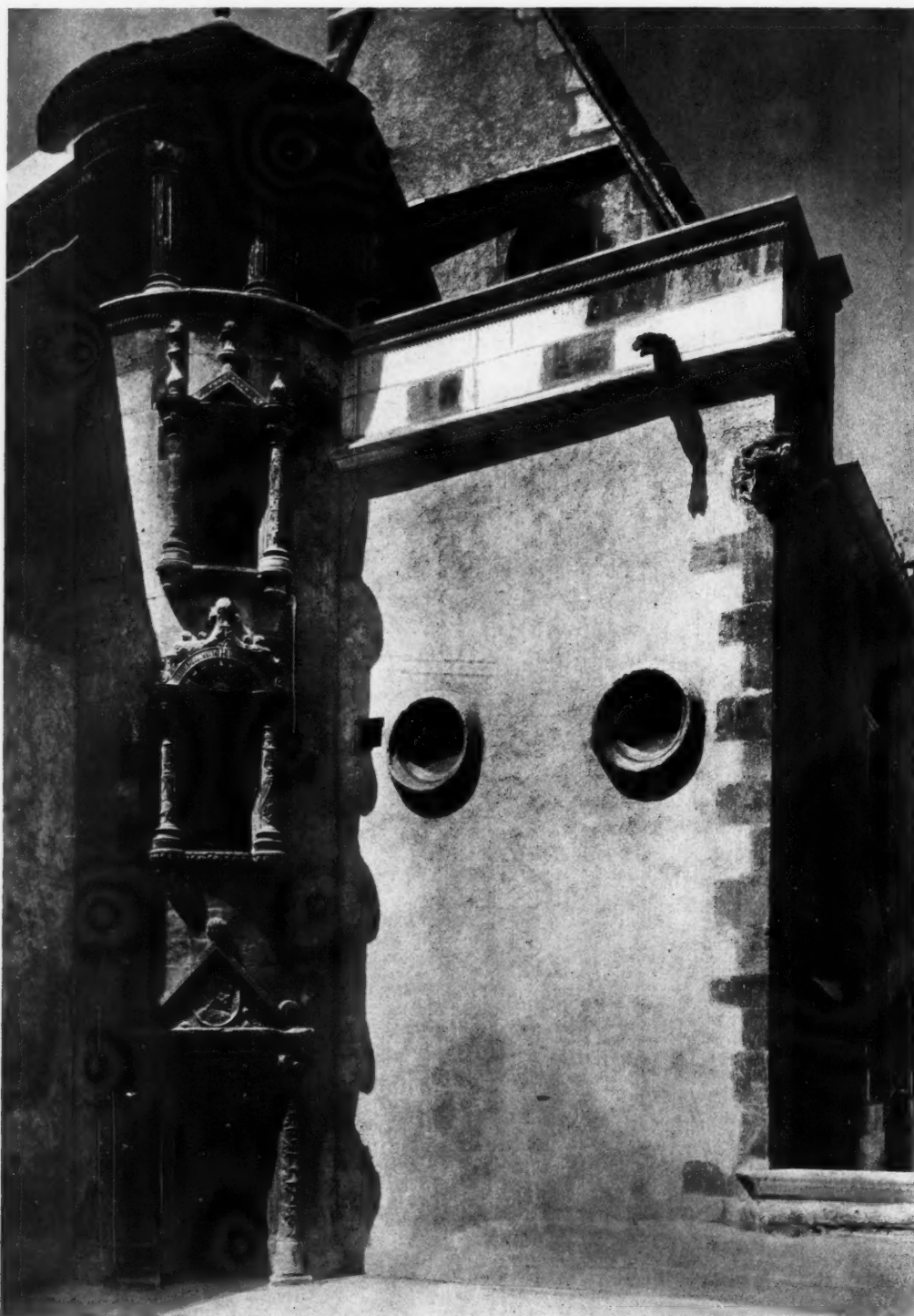
IN the great reawakening which overspread France after the hideous chaos of the Hundred Years' War, no trait is more striking than the rapid growth in prosperity of the *bourgeoisie* of the towns the large, fortunes

acquired by merchants and bankers and their corresponding rise both in the social scale and in political influence. And nothing illustrates more clearly the shrewdness of the astute monarchs to whose lot it fell to reorganise the new national

life than the use to which they turned this state of affairs. Bitter experiences had taught them—and a long train of such experiences was to drive home the lesson in the succeeding centuries—how seldom the necessary qualities for successful administration were to be looked for among the feudal aristocracy, how seldom they could be brought to think seriously of anything but their own interests.

So Charles VII and Louis XI and Louis XII, and, in later times, Richelieu and Louis XIV, chose men of the people—the Briçonnets and Berthelots and Robertets, the Forquets and the Colberts—for posts of confidence, more particularly at first in connection with the finances of the *bonnes villes*. The old nobility—the Montmorencys, the Harcourts, the Laval and the Rohans—were bit by bit restricted to a military career or relegated to functions in civil life that were principally deccrative.

Whether the people's gain was equal to the Crown's is another question. But they did gain at least some fixity of system, some security from arbitrary caprice, while the central government ensured the allegiance of an army of servants who owed their lucrative posts and their social



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TOURELLE IN UPPER COURT WITH CROWNING LOGGIA.

"C.L."



Copyright. ON THE OVERMANTEL OF THE GREAT HALL: ERMINE AND PORCUPINE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

COFFERED CEILING AND OVERMANTEL IN GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

position to its favour alone, and could hope for advancement from no other source.

This new aristocracy of trade and finance was not slow in following the feudal magnates in their manner of life. They built themselves luxurious houses in their native towns, they decorated them and furnished them in the fashion of the day, they patronised art, literature and scholarship, they acquired lands and castles often from impoverished nobles, and derived titles from them, and, like any royal or patrician house, founded dynasties in which possessions and honours were handed down from father to son, from Jean I to Jean II, and from Jean II to Jean III and Jean IV, as in the House of Lallemand, whose home is now illustrated.

But they had to pay a price for these solid advantages. The Royal Government, which found their business capacities

so convenient an instrument of administration, was willing—up to a point—to shut its eyes to irregularities and abuses. For a time it would appear to connive while nests were lined at its own or the people's expense. But when the

sponge was full, the fruit ripe, it would be pounced upon and remorselessly squeezed. The official might then consider himself fortunate indeed if he avoided an ignominious death or life-long imprisonment, and was permitted, humbled and chastened, to resume his service or to enjoy some fragments of his booty in obscurity.

There was, it must be admitted, a kind of rough justice in these methods, although retribution would sometimes fall on relatively guiltless heads, and the actual blood-suckers were not always those who were called upon to disgorge. But the searcher among the annals of old houses during several centuries of French history is

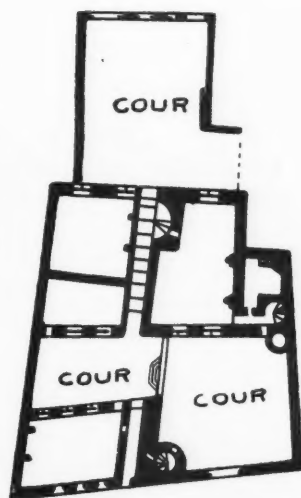


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IN THE LOGGIA: ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

frequently brought face to face with dramas such as these. It is impossible to linger before the remains of the Hôtel de Beaune behind the Rue Colbert at Tours without a shudder at the cruel death inflicted in the neighbouring market-place on the innocent Jacques de Beaune de Semblançay through the perfidy of Louise of Savoy. Nor may we pace the stately halls and gardens of Vaux without sharing the anguish of Mme. de Sévigné and La Fontaine over the fate of their friend dragged from these delights to languish in the damp dungeons of Pignerol. Within a stone's throw of our present subject the sculptured towers of Jacques Cœur's mansion recall a similar tragedy of a king's treasurer, wealthy beyond all men of his time, imprisoned on a lying charge of poisoning a king's mistress and escaping with his bare life to die in exile. The house of Lallemant has its own tale of rise to high estate and fall therefrom; but if its masters climbed to lesser heights,



PLAN OF HOTEL LALLEMAND.

after his brother's death in 1533 fell under suspicion and was imprisoned on a charge of malversation. He was so fortunate, however, as to obtain in 1537 a modified acquittal and his release, but not without being mulcted in a heavy fine. After his day the house passed several times by marriage and sale from one family to another, and the Dorsannes, who owned it during part of the seventeenth century, made several alterations which contribute to the present aspect. After further vicissitudes it was purchased by the city in 1826, and has since formed the local habitation of various learned societies, especially the Société des Archéologues du Centre.

The Hôtel Lallemant in its present restored condition represents fairly enough the state in which the seventeenth century left it after six or seven generations had been at work upon it. Its site extends from the former Rue des Vieilles Prisons, lately renamed after it, which runs some



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STONE PANEL IN LOW RELIEF INSPIRED BY TAPESTRY DESIGN.

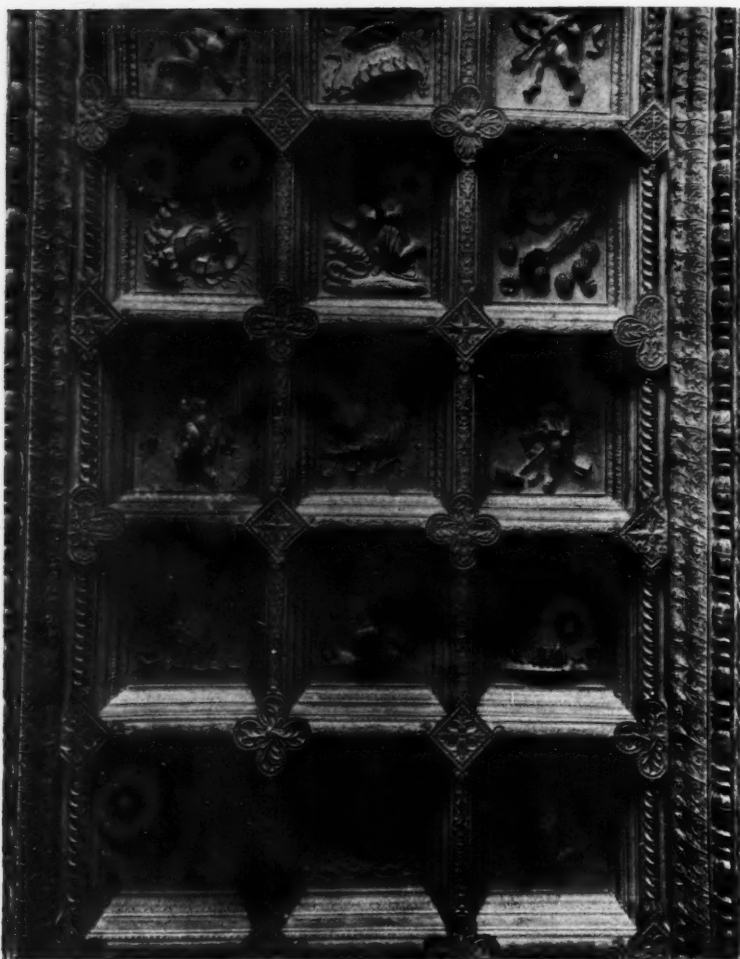
"C.L."

their fall was the less, and they contrived to save a portion of their patrimony out of the partial wreck of their fortunes.

The Lallemant family were, as their name (which is also spelt Lallemant and Lallement) implies, of German origin, merchants who had settled in Bourges as early as the thirteenth century and had thriven there. The first of the family to hold high office was Jean I, who was appointed by Louis XI Receiver-General of the Finances of Normandy, and it was he who built a small house on the foundation of the Gallo-Roman Wall, near the Porte Gordaïne. When this was destroyed in the great fire of 1487 which devastated this quarter of the town and thus gave rise to great building activity, it was rebuilt by his son Jean II on a larger scale. It was beautified and completed by the latter's two sons, Jean III, who succeeded his father and grandfather in the office of Receiver of Normandy, and Jean IV, Treasurer-General of Languedoc and Mayor of Bourges, who two years

little way within the course of the Gallo-Roman Wall, as far as the Rue Bourbonnoux, at the time of building a narrow lane winding along the foot of the ramparts. The site of the original house was much smaller, but after the fire of 1487 Jean II took the opportunity of the clearances then being made to enlarge his borders by judicious purchases of neighbouring property in order to build a house worthy of the enhanced fortune and position of his family. Thus the new house was astride the boundaries of three parishes, which, according to an inscription on a marble tablet still to be seen there, agreed to share it, each of them by rotation reckoning it as within its limits for one year in every three.

The house is composed of two blocks with two courts. The smaller block stands on the left of the front towards the Rue des Vieilles Prisons, the right-hand half of this front consisting of a screen wall. Behind these is the first court divided into two portions by a retaining wall and a parapet,



Copyright.

CEILING IN CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and communicating with each other by a flight of steps, for the right portion, which reaches to the street, is at a higher level than the left portion, which lies behind the front block. Behind the double court is the main *corps de logis* stretching from side to side of the site, and behind it again at a still lower level lies the second court separated from the Rue Bourbonnoux by an arcaded screen.

The old house of Jean I seems not to have been entirely destroyed by the fire, and remnants of its structure may be traced in both blocks, notably in the vaulted kitchen looking on to the lowest court. This old house probably consisted like its successor, of two isolated buildings—the outer one for the servants and the inner for the master and his family—by no means an unusual arrangement in mediæval houses, though as a rule it was found convenient as time went on to connect them by means of galleries, as in the so-called house of Agnes Sorel at Orleans or the old Hôtel de Ville at Bourges. More frequently, however, these were built simultaneously with the rest, if only in wood.

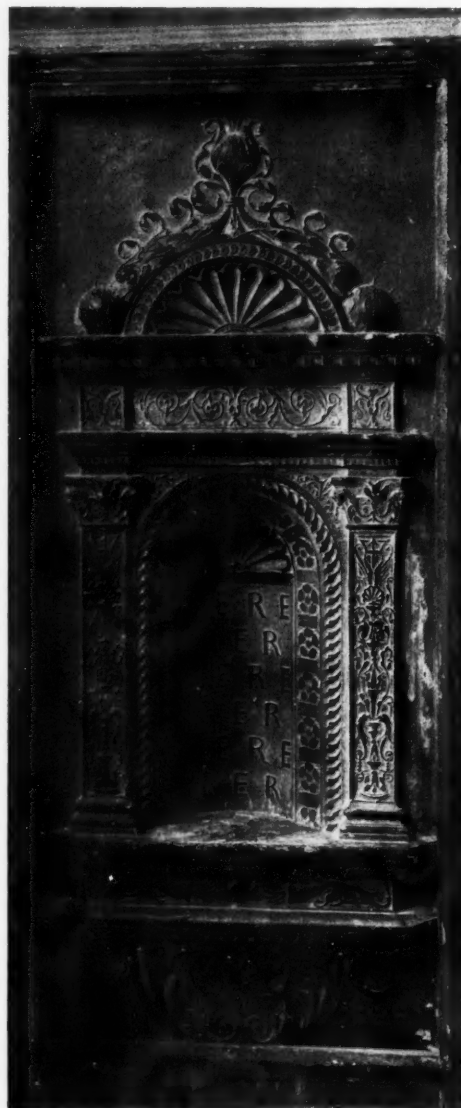
The main work of reconstruction seems to have proceeded rapidly and to have been completed in essentials at the time of Jean II's death in 1494. It was carried out wholly, as was inevitable at the time, in the traditional Gothic manner, while the delightful decorative features in a new style, which form the subject of most of our illustrations, are additions carried out by his sons.

As to the date and authorship of these additions, there has been considerable difference of opinion, and in the absence of contemporary documents the question cannot be settled once for all. It would appear, however, that the greater part of them was completed somewhere about 1518-20, while the chapel was largely redecorated some twenty years later. Further, while Italian influence is stamped upon all these works, there is reason to believe that Italians actually worked upon them. The connections of Bourges through Lyons with Italy were quite sufficient to have given rise to the view that this city might, like Tours and other centres, have received a colony of transalpine craftsmen. Several Italian business men were settled here, and one of them, Duranti Salvi of Florence, built the fifteenth century house known from the later owner as the Hôtel Cujas. One of the Lallemands held an administrative post at Milan under

Louis XII. Nevertheless, the traces of Italian craftsmen in Bourges are of the slightest. Salvi's house was built by the French master mason Guillaume Palvoysin, and is purely Gothic, though a few Renaissance ornaments were introduced on one of its fronts in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The Renaissance work at Bourges must then have been done for the most part by French *tailleurs d'images* eager to follow the new *mode d'Italie* and striving to reproduce ideas which they derived from drawings, pictures and other works of art, or from the hints and examples of stray Italian carvers. In this effort they displayed all their native technical skill and a charming and prolific fancy; but their work—or at least the earlier portions of it—often betrays the slender grasp they had on the principles of classic design and the rules of proportion which govern it. But as time went on the François I carvers acquired such a mastery over the new manner that their work can only be distinguished by experts from that of Lombards or Tuscans.

The Hôtel Lallemand may be entered from the street that bears its name either by a wide arch on the right leading into the upper part of the first court, or by a narrower one to the left of it, leading by a sloping way into the lower part of the same court and through the front block. The arch through which this passage debouches at its inner end is sheltered under a cornice carried by engaged columns with fanciful arabesques delicately chased in spirals round their stems and with capitals



Copyright.

CREDENCE NICHE.

"C.L."

vaguely recalling those of the Corinthian order, but with winged monsters instead of acanthus scrolls at the angles.

Facing one as one issues through this doorway is the main front of the mansion with all the history of its growth writ plain in its stones. The large, bold windows of the rooms with their eighteenth century wooden casements showing behind the newly restored stone

croisées exhibit the original late Gothic treatment of Jean II's building with their sharply moulded frames, carved sills and hood moulds supported on heads and beasts. Below on the left is a loggia of three arches still semi-Gothic in character in spite of their semicircular form. Over it—and probably of later insertion—is a Renaissance cornice and medallions, now headless, in the spandrels. Unlike the loggias in Jacques Cœur's house, this one has no function as a passage and can only have been intended as an outdoor apartment for use during heat or rain.

The central feature of the façade linking together the two main groups of rooms and mediating as it were between two sets of levels by the introduction of a third set, corresponding with those of the staircase landings within, is of curiously *hétéroclite* composition. It is framed in vertically by continuous lines of Renaissance shafts, which with their entablatures have been grafted on to the original openings, themselves somewhat modified in the process. The treatment of the arch below—leading by a second sloping way with vaulted roof to the further court—is of fairly correct Renaissance pattern, both in design and detail. One of its exquisite eagle capitals was illustrated in our last number. But in the storey above the beautiful window of the oratory is of pure Gothic tracery, while the flanking columns, though Italian in detail, are elongated and panelled in lozenges in the French fifteenth century manner. Above, again, is another hybrid window with applied balusters, a motive recurring in the windows of the little turret to the extreme right. This forms part of another staircase and juts out over the angle of the court, supported on a corbel shaped by a Gothic carver into the likeness of a jester.

How this long façade was finished either in its primitive Gothic state or by the Renaissance masons we have no means of knowing, for it was remodelled in the seventeenth century and crowned with a massive cornice breaking into a curved pediment over the larger groups of windows. This pediment contains the arms of the Dorsanne family, thus fixing the date of the alteration.

The reverse façade of this *corps de logis*—that fronting the lowest court and the Rue Bourbonnoux—is treated in a similar manner. The same Louis XIII cornice and dormers crown the whole, but the pediment and arms are in this case placed over the staircase, emphasising its character as a centrepiece between two large groups of Gothic windows.

The *lourelle* in the angle of the upper court next the street is especially interesting because it shows a French stone-cutter struggling a little clumsily to express himself in a new form of language with whose grammar he is imperfectly acquainted, and yet producing a rather charming result withal. The doorway and windows above it, though Renaissance in their details, are far from being Renaissance in their composition or proportions, and the most Italian feature of the whole turret is the open columned loggia or *tempietto* which crowns it. Even here the idea is not wholly an imported one, for, as we saw last week, the stair tower at the Gothic Hôtel de Ville, built at the same time as Jean II Lallemand's building, terminated likewise in an open storey.

The most curious detail of this turret is the oval medallion over the doorway. It is obviously the work of a Frenchman, and possibly a portrait of some French cavalier. But it nominally represents Paris of Troy and was probably suggested by a sixteenth century imitation of a classical medal. It gives the keynote for the scheme of decoration of the walls of the court by means of a range of medallions originally filled with busts, but, with two exceptions, now empty. This was a device very popular at the time. Such medallions in marble or terra cotta were turned out in large quantities in Italy for export. We find them at Hampton Court and Sutton, as well as at Gaillon, the Hôtel d'Alluye at Blois, the château du Bonivet and a score of other French buildings of the period. Some of these, however, were made on the spot either by Italians or by Frenchmen. The Italian medallions usually displayed conventional heads of the Caesars and other heroes of antiquity; but the French sculptors and modellers often struck a more individual note and introduced contemporary portraiture, though, as in the Paris head, it might be in a pseudo-classic guise. Of the many beautiful apartments in the Hôtel Lallemand two deserve special notice—the Great Hall and the Chapel. The former, which is on the ground floor, has a deeply coffered ceiling with heavily moulded ribs and circular compartments at their intersections, but no carved enrichments except for the bold egg and dart moulding in the cornice. The great chimneypiece, on the other hand, is beautified with rich and elaborate carving. On its mantel among a series of



CENTRAL FEATURE OF MAIN FRONT.

low relief arabesques four panels of bolder treatment are introduced. Two hold groups of dainty birds pecking at cornucopias planted in a vase. Two others display the

emblems of Louis XII and Anne of Brittany—the porcupine bristling with spines and ready to shoot them at any aggressor, and the ermine sheltering her unsullied whiteness from contamination within a wattled pen. These emblems date the work, which cannot have been carried out more than two or three years later than the monarch's death in 1515.

Of all apartments in the house it is, perhaps, on the little chapel that successive generations of Lallemands lovingly lavished the choicest treasures of the arts they delighted to patronise. In its early form it dated from the rebuilding of the house by Jean II. Situated, like that in the neighbouring house of Jacques Cœur, over an entrance, it is approached by the principal staircase and a rib-vaulted landing off it, and possesses the only traceried window in the building. Over its door is placed a curious carved stone panel probably of the last years of the fifteenth century, a low relief landscape of woods and rocks once, perhaps,



TURRET DOORWAY IN UPPER COURT.

peopled with figures, which some later iconoclast has removed, and inspired like the St. Christopher in the loggia by contemporary tapestries. Beside the altar is an exquisite credence niche powdered with the unidentified initials "R. E.," an example of the purest Italian cinquecento work, blossoming again in the France of the Valois, and capable of holding its own even in Florence in the Medici Chapel at Santa Croce, or the chapel built for the Cardinal of Portugal in San Miniato.

For beauty of workmanship and charm of fancy the Hôtel Lallemand reaches its culminating point in this tenderly wrought gem and in the remainder of the no less carefully studied decoration in stone. Six fluted pilasters, on whose faces are carved crowns traversed by the letter "I," doubtless the initials of Jean IV, and on whose capitals are angels bearing emblems, carry a cornice with a delicate bead and reel ornament and a deeply coffered ceiling. Each meeting of the ribs is masked by a lozenge or a quatrefoil panel daintily chased, while the compartments are filled

with boldly cut and very varied subjects. Alternate panels contain *amorini* sporting—not always, it must be admitted, with complete decorum—only one or two of which could pass for cherubs. The remainder contain either conventional devices or emblems of somewhat strange aspect whose meaning has hitherto defeated attempts at decipherment. Among them may be noticed a hive of bees, a shaggy arm scattering burrs, an eagle pecking at a skull and a vase containing a flaming orb. This emblem also occurs at the angles of the cornice of the credence. Another, a book among flames, has been found in a Book of Hours once the property of Jean the fourth Lallemand and now in the Royal Library at the Hague, accompanied by the motto, "Delear prius." It is thought to represent his account book and to allude to the judicial enquiry into his administration of the public monies. If this be the case the ceiling must be later than 1537, and it may possibly be a few years later still; for in another compartment we recognise a terrestrial globe after the system of Copernicus, which was not generally known till 1543.

It may not be fanciful to see in the decoration of the chapel a thank-offering for the donor's deliverance from his great peril, a tangible fulfilment of the vow he registered in his Book of Hours: "Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea; tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo." Thus the work of the Bourges banker family, begun in the pride of wealth and flush of success, ends, before it passes into alien hands, on a note of contrition and humble thankfulness to Him from Whom alike come good and evil days, chastisement and deliverance.

W. H. WARD.

A GREAT EDITOR

Letters of Richard Watson Gilder, edited by his Daughter, Rosamond Gilder. (Constable, 14s. net.)

"WHAT is needed in my business is ideas, allied to conscience and good taste." This was the guiding aphorism of Gilder, who was editor of the *Century* from 1881 to his death in 1909. In his poems, in all his journalistic work (which began in his 'teens and was only interrupted by the Civil War) and in his manifold public activities, he put sincerity first. "There are many things that spoil a literary career," he wrote to a contributor, "sometimes a lack of conscience; sometimes an untrained or misapplied conscience. For heaven's sake do not thus lose, break or injure the article that you possess and that under your direction carries spiritual food and intellectual stimulus." His own poems came from the inner voice, and if they rarely reached the higher level it was never from lack of sincerity, but rather that he "was so deeply pledged in other ways that verse was scarcely thought of as the building of a house beautiful." All that he did in his public work came from the same inner voice: his devoted labours for Cleveland, his work for Civil Service Reform, for housing reform in New York, for International Copyright, and against the Tammany bosses and the "spoils" system in American politics.

"His was the love of art and song,
And well he loved the flowery way;
Yet great his wrath at prospered wrong;
When evil triumphed day by day
Then plunged he in the fray."

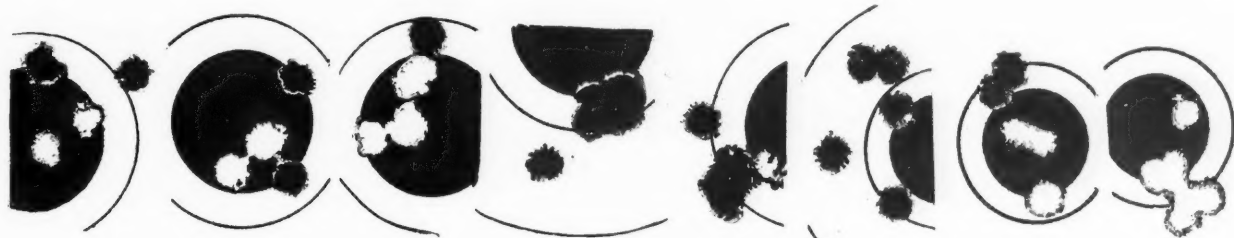
That is the poet's own analysis, and his letters show how unsparingly he gave himself to the fight against "prospered wrong." But even when the fight waxed hottest, when more than ever he had to console himself with his friend St. Gaudens' words, "Life is a tug," he had to confess: "I thought I had put poetry aside for the time being, but that flame won't down, and in the midst of all, little neglected shoots of verse will spring up from the ashes." This many-sided man was first and foremost a great editor—probably the greatest America has produced. During the thirty-eight years he was in charge of the *Century* he held the highest standards of literary art; he put every contributor on his mettle; he returned the manuscript of quite a famous novel five times for improvement. Under him the *Century* secured the rights of the first official life of Lincoln, by the Secretaries of the great President, Nicolay and Colonel Hay; though Mark Twain beat him for another big "scoop"—"The Memoirs of General Grant." At fifty-two his health was so impaired by overwork that he had to come to Europe. After a sojourn in England, brightened by memories of long talks with Morley and Tennyson, Sidney Colvin and Aubrey de Vere, he returned to the hardest work of his life—to fight against the new sensationalism, "a vulgarising of everything in life and letters and politics and religion, all this sickens the soul." Again he plunged into the fray, never giving ground, revived occasionally by "doses of that Homeric tonic, Walter Scott," or "the Whitman vibration," and retaining to the end the vigour, the ideals, the sincerity and the breadth which made him one of the finest uplifting powers in American life and literature. Miss Gilder makes her father's letters and journals tell the story of his life, and where a note or connecting link is needed it is given briefly, clearly and without intrusion, so that this book has all the charm of an autobiography. The material which she had to select from seems to have been extensive, and she included a few letters which have little interest on this side of the Atlantic; their space might well have been occupied by more illustrative extracts from the poems and other published works. The index extends to fifteen double-column pages of small type, and there is scarcely a name of note in the States during the past forty years which has not a place in it.

MILITARY TRAINING AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

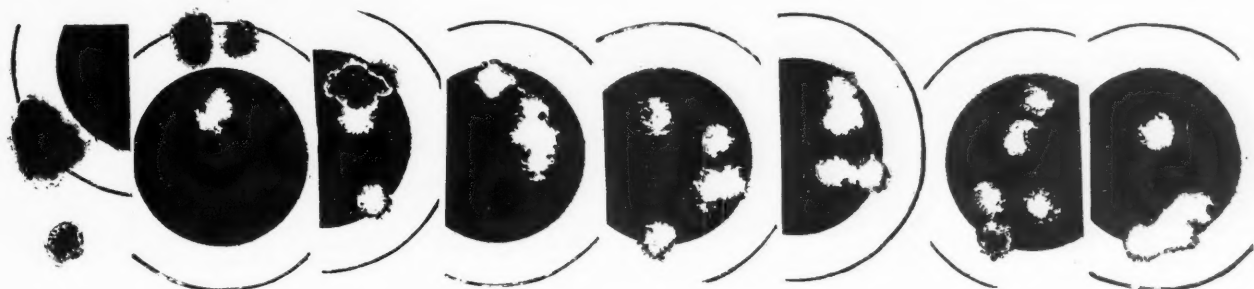
OUR RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITIONS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL O.T.C. CONTINGENTS

THOROUGHNESS in the early training for a profession is more often than not the secret of a successful career, and but few people realise the thoroughness of the early military training laid down by the War Office for schools supplying contingents to the Junior Division of the Officers Training Corps. Not only so, but officers are specially detailed to inspect each contingent at least once a year, thereby ensuring the necessary uniformity in corps training. By this means officers commanding units are in direct touch with the fountain heads, and such inspections most certainly conduce to keenness and efficiency. Examinations are held at regular intervals and certificates

five shots each at targets representing the head and shoulders of a man drawn to scale which are exposed for three seconds only for each shot. In addition, a landscape target practice is fired to test the qualities of leadership. Three positions where machine-guns are likely to be concealed are selected on a coloured picture of a landscape 40in. long and 10in. deep. The leader of a team of six is handed a sealed envelope which contains a small reproduction of the landscape on which these positions have been clearly marked. His task is to describe them so precisely that his team can immediately recognise them on the landscape target and direct their fire on the positions in pairs—six shots on each position.



<i>St. Lawrence.</i> (20yd.) <i>L.-Cpl. B. Smith.</i>	<i>Hymer's.</i> (20yd.) <i>Pte. Jackson.</i>	<i>King William's.</i> (20yd.) <i>L.-Cpl. Craven.</i>	<i>Univ. Col. Sch.</i> (20yd.) <i>Sergt. George.</i>	<i>Whitgift.</i> (20yd.) <i>No name.</i>	<i>Weymouth.</i> (15yd.) <i>Pte. Stringer.</i>	<i>Solihull.</i> (15yd.) <i>Cadet Flint.</i>	<i>Manchester.</i> (15yd.) <i>Pte. Griffiths.</i>
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<i>Radley.</i> <i>Pte. Richardson.</i>	<i>Rugby.</i> <i>Cpl. Welsford.</i>	<i>Felsted.</i> <i>Pte. Coulthard.</i>	<i>Merchiston.</i> <i>L.-Cpl. Hinxman.</i>	<i>Shrewsbury.</i> <i>Cpl. Hope.</i>	<i>Oratory.</i> <i>Cadet Dean.</i>	<i>Guildford.</i> <i>Cadet Garbutt.</i>	<i>Malvern.</i> <i>Pte. Curtis.</i>
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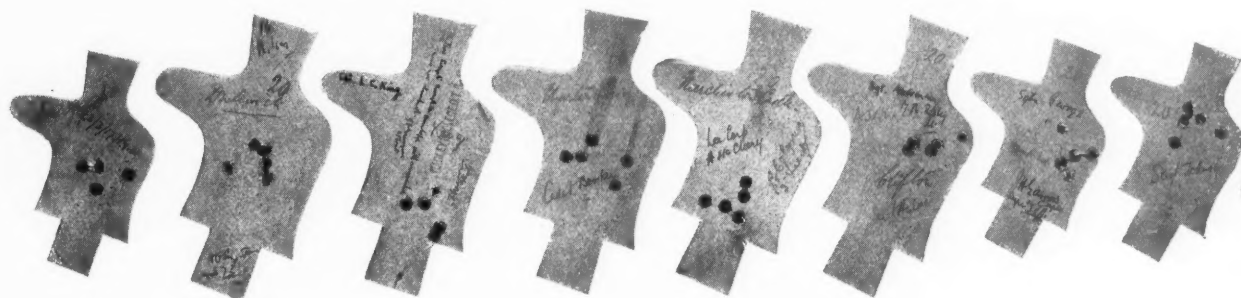
FIVE SHOTS IN ONE-INCH GROUPS.

granted on a standard which ensures a thorough grip of the subjects dealt with. Rifle shooting naturally takes the foremost place in the system of training, and a certain standard of shooting has to be reached. The conditions of the COUNTRY LIFE Annual Competitions for Short Range Shooting are so framed as to encourage a high standard of both individual and team shooting, and at the same time develop those qualities of leadership which are essential in the training of an officer.

Teams of ten fire five shots each at bullseye targets in their own time, ten shots each at figure targets with a time limit of one minute or one minute and a quarter, and

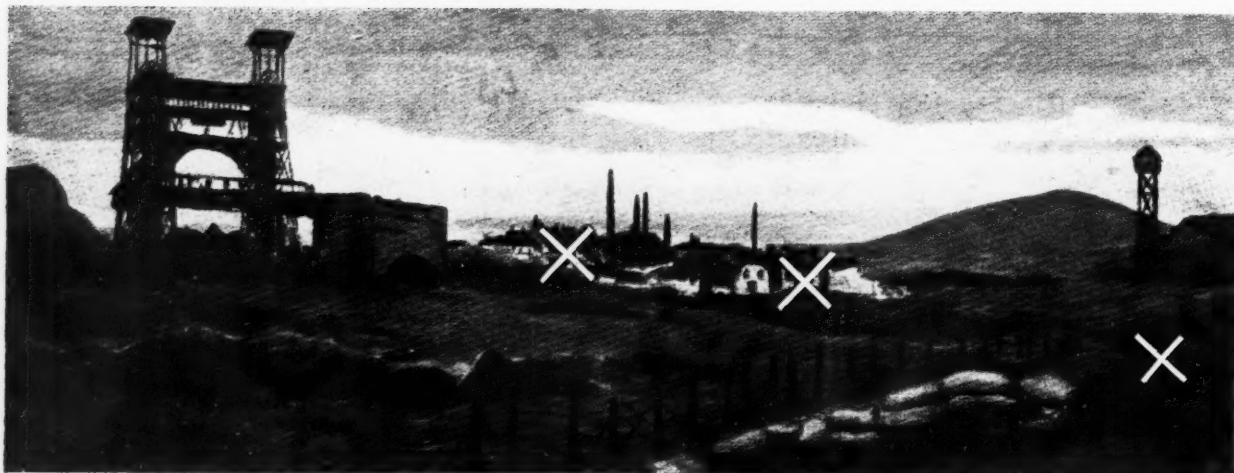
Five minutes is the time allowed from the moment the leader breaks the seal of the envelope until the last shot fired, and it will be easily understood that any hesitancy or inaccuracy of description on his part must inevitably result in failure on the part of the firers to recognise the positions, however accurate their shooting might otherwise have been.

The COUNTRY LIFE Trophies are held by the winning teams for one year, the individual competitors of the teams receiving inscribed silver medals, and those of the second and third inscribed bronze medals, as a reward for good shooting. Our shooting expert writes:



<i>Whitgift.</i> <i>Name omitted.</i>	<i>Dulwich.</i> <i>Pte. Riley.</i>	<i>Radley.</i> <i>Cpl. L. C. King.</i>	<i>Charterhouse.</i> <i>Cadet Bowker.</i>	<i>Merchiston.</i> <i>L.-Cpl. H. McCleery.</i>	<i>Clifton.</i> <i>Sergt. Ashman.</i>	<i>Univ. Col. Sch.</i> <i>Sergt. George.</i>	<i>King Edward's, B'ham.</i> <i>Sergt. Johnston.</i>
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SNAP-SHOOTING: FIGURE TARGETS. EIGHT OF THE BEST.



TARGET FOR "COUNTRY LIFE" PUBLIC SCHOOLS O.T.C. COMPETITION.



KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM: BEST TARGET, 170 POINTS.



MERCHISTON CASTLE: SECOND BEST TARGET, 165 POINTS.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, HAMPSTEAD, 160 POINTS.



CHARTERHOUSE (WINNERS OF COMPETITION), 155 POINTS.

The weather conditions between March 17th and March 24th—snow, sleet, hail and rain—were all against high scores in the Officers Training Corps competitions. More than one Officer Commanding writes, "The firing took place during a snowstorm," so I do not propose to compare totals with "possibles," as any such comparison would be unfair to the competitors, but it is a matter for discussion

in the time limit for the rapid, and the value of the scores differs in the competitions. In the Senior Competition shots on the figure and inner only scored, but in the Junior the outer was included. The time limit for the Senior was 60 seconds—10 rounds—and for the Junior 75 seconds—10 rounds. A change was also made in the scoring of the Snap-shooting Target, Senior Competition,



LANDSCAPE TARGET FOR "COUNTRY LIFE" OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS COMPETITION.



ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE: BEST TARGET, 265 POINTS.



KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE (WINNERS OF COMPETITION): SECOND BEST TARGET, 235 POINTS.

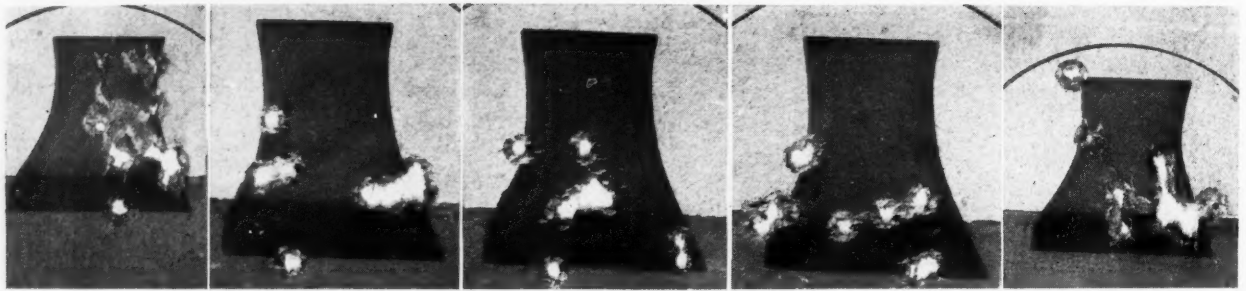


HYMER'S COLLEGE, 210 POINTS.

whether the competitions should be fired in June instead of March, as suggested by the Officer Commanding Clifton College contingent. Will Officers Commanding please send their opinions on a post card to reach COUNTRY LIFE by May 5th, in order that a majority decision may be arrived at?

The grouping, rapid and snap-shooting targets were the same as in previous years, but a change was made

an extra 5 points being awarded for a one inch group. The conditions of the Landscape Target practice were also varied in both competitions. Teams of six, firing three rounds per man, had to engage in pairs three machine-gun positions indicated in the usual way by a leader who directed the fire, the whole to be carried out within five minutes. The scoring conditions were severe, shots outside a two-inch



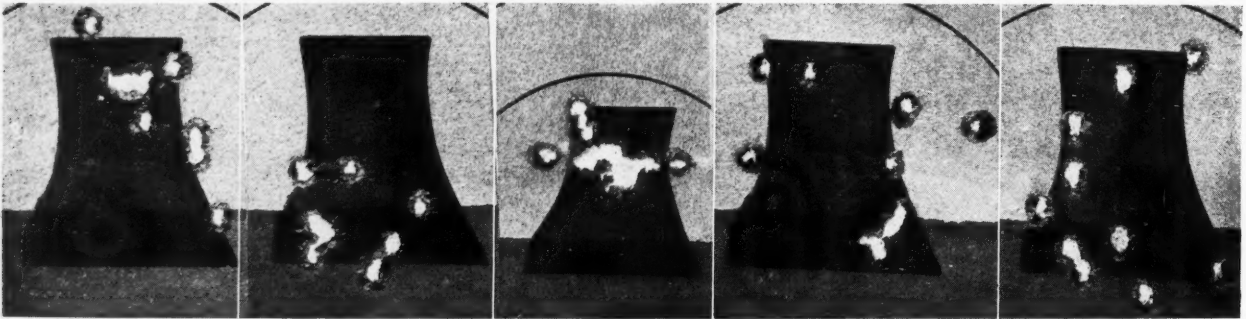
University Coll. School.
Cadet McTaggart.
30 points.

Clifton.
Sergt. Ashman.
30 points.

Bury Grammar School.
Sergt. Metcalf.
30 points.

Shrewsbury.
P.c. Thompson.
30 points.

University Coll. School
Cadet Sheppard.
30 points.



King's School, Rochester.
Sergt. Macklin.
30 points.

West Buckland.
Sergt. Goadby.
29 points.

Hymer's.
P.c. Nelson.
29 points.

Taunton.
No name on target.
29 points.

Radley.
P.c. Reynolds.
30 points.

RAPID FIRING TARGETS. HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE, 30 POINTS.

circle from each position incurring a minus score in the Senior competition, or not scoring as in the Junior. Only in a very few instances were the positions not recognised, which says a good deal for the accuracy of description by the leaders, and but for the weather conditions better groups would doubtless have been made.

Charterhouse retain the COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools O.T.C. Trophy with a total of 646—grouping, 90; rapid, 242; snap-shooting, 159, and landscape, 155. University College School are second with 612, and Shrewsbury third with 583, Whitgift running very close with 581.

The best Landscape Target score was made by King Edward's School, Birmingham, 170; Malvern and Merchiston Castle tied with 165; University College School, Hampstead, 160; Charterhouse, 155; and Shrewsbury, 150.

Radley made the best snap-shooting score, 160; Charterhouse and Rossall tied with 159. The winners made the best rapid score, 242; the next highest being Shrewsbury (226) and Radley (225). Whitgift scored a possible in the grouping, the winners making the next highest score with 90.

In the COUNTRY LIFE Officers Training Corps Trophy, King William's College, Isle of Man, are the winners with a total of 589—grouping, 95; rapid, 259; landscape, 235. St. Lawrence College being second with 587—grouping, 80; rapid, 242; landscape, 265; and Hymer's College third with 526—grouping, 90; rapid, 226; and landscape, 210.

The Landscape Target of St. Lawrence College showed excellent grouping and, with others, is reproduced. The

best rapid score was made by Giggleswick, 265 points; the winners coming next with 259 and Taunton, 253. The winners made the best grouping score, 95; Hymer's College, 90; Solihull, 85; St. Lawrence College, All Hallows, Giggleswick, Oratory School and Manchester Grammar School, 80 each.

We shall be glad to forward a list of the scores to Officers Commanding or individual competitors on application.

"COUNTRY LIFE" PUBLIC SCHOOLS O.T.C. TROPHY.

Charterhouse (winners), U.C.S. (Hampstead) (second), Shrewsbury (third), Whitgift, Merchiston Castle, Rossall, King Edward's Schools (Birmingham), Malvern, Radley, Lancing, Rugby, Wellington (Berks), St. Paul's, Stonyhurst, Bedford Grammar School, City of London School, Clifton, Merchant Taylors', Epsom, Dulwich, Bradfield, Cheltenham, Uppingham Emmanuel, Felsted and Berkhamsted.

"COUNTRY LIFE" OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS TROPHY.

King William's College (I.O.M.) (winners), St. Lawrence College (second), Hymer's College, Hull, (third), All Hallows, Giggleswick, Taunton, Reading, Oratory School, Cranleigh, Manchester Grammar School, Exeter, Framlingham, King's School (Bruton), Bury Grammar School, Solihull, West Buckland, Bridlington Grammar School, Ley's School (Cambridge), King's School (Rochester), St. Edward's School (Oxford), Wellington (Salop), Weymouth College, Royal Grammar School (Guildford), Royal Grammar School (Worcester), King Alfred's School (Wantage), Liverpool Institute, Nottingham High School, Wilson's School, Forest School, and Cork.

T. P. STILES (Captain).

CORRESPONDENCE

THE COUNTY WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to thank you for the series of articles in which you are dealing with the good work of the County War Agricultural Committees? Speaking for myself—but I believe that the Board of Agriculture would readily endorse the opinion—I am very firmly convinced that many farmers are still unaware of the existence of the Committees, and that others have not yet appreciated what their powers are. The Board of Agriculture, domiciled in London and suspected of a fondness for red tape, is to many of them something of an abstraction, sometimes a vexatious one; but the County Committees, whose members are local men interested in local agriculture, understanding local difficulties and requirements, must inspire more ready confidence once they become equally well known. It is of the most vital importance that every farmer in the land should realise what his County Committee can do for him and avail himself to the utmost of the assistance which he can obtain from it, both in the way of advice and in such more tangible matters as labour supply, the use of motor ploughs and tractors, and the very timely scheme for affording special credit facilities initiated by the Board of Agriculture. It is indeed to be hoped that the County

War Agricultural Committees will remain with us when the national crisis which called for their creation is past. Their usefulness must inevitably be appreciated in the future, but since it is important that it should be appreciated now, we cannot have too many articles such as those in your widely read paper.—J. C.

SCARCITY IN BORDERLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I write, a paragraph in the local paper quoting the London authorities' request that we should give up "poached eggs" sticks in my mind, for never in local memory have such a devastating winter and spring been recorded on the Border. Let me jot down a few particulars: I left London a week ago for a desolate home in the North. London seemed to me as opulent as ever. Our Border country was snow-covered, bleaker and barer than ever, with a "record" frost for April of 32deg. a few days previous. The hired motor was late in getting to the station, for the driver had been up the valley trading hay for the starving ewes. "Things were very serious," said the driver, "for it was impossible to get up hay in time for the starving 'yowes' on the 'outlye' farms." "It's a national calamity!" exclaimed a tenant,

when I met him, feeding-bottle in hand, attending to his poor ewes and emaciated lambs. I hear of a desolate holding on the "very March line" of England and Scotland, owned by a gallant lieutenant of Yeomanry, where "50 score of ewes" have died in this last storm. Another big hill farmer states his loss to be up to the present 1,000 sheep. In addition to this terrible mortality the expense of buying this extra hay and getting it up on to the fells is so great that the outlook is black indeed for our Northern farmers. It is only a question now of "saving the ewes" on many farms; the lambs have in many instances to be slaughtered off hand as they cannot be fed. soon, doubtless, we shall be asked by the authorities to "give up" roast lamb and mint sauce—a warning that will not be needed in the country of a—BORDER SQUIRE.

BOTTLING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the present scarcity of sugar some of your readers might be glad to know of an exceedingly simple and successful method of bottling fruit without sugar and without any expensive apparatus. Procure some glass bottles and some bladders from the butcher. Soak the bladders in cold water and cut into round pieces large enough to cover the mouths of the bottles and be securely tied down. Put the fruit—gooseberries or damsons or plums, whatever is in season—into the bottles, and let stand in the oven until the skins show signs of cracking. Have a kettle of fast boiling water ready, and as soon as the bottles are removed from the oven pour the boiling water over the fruit, completely covering it and right up to the very top of the bottle. Cover at once with the bladder and tie down. The whole aim is not to allow one instant of time to elapse between pouring in the boiling water and covering with the bladder. The fruit can be used at any time, and will be found equal to fresh. I have followed this method for years, and have used the fruit for tarts at Christmas and in the later months.—J. G. SAMSON.

SUGAR BEET FOR JAM-MAKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the *Manchester Daily Dispatch* of the 13th inst. an article appeared on a white sugar beet as a substitute for sugar in jam-making, in which Dr. Samuel Rideal was quoted as advocating the sowing of beet in May so as to get a crop available in late September or early October for use with blackberries, apples and plums at that period. I should be most grateful to have your criticism on this suggestion. If it is a really practical one it should prove of the greatest value at this time when no sugar is obtainable for the purpose. Any information as to the proper methods for growing the beet in small quantities in the ordinary kitchen garden and also for the proportion required in making the jam should, I think, be of great interest to your readers.—FRANK B. DUNKERLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the letter on the use of sugar beet which appeared in your issue of March 24th, could you now tell me what proportion of beet should be used to 1lb. of fruit for jam making, and what is the least amount of sugar necessary to add to make it keep? also is a pulp the best way of using the beet and would the roots be sufficiently sweet at an early stage or must they reach maturity? In which latter case they would probably be too late for the early summer fruits.—SUSSEX.

[We have made enquiry among those who have used sugar beetroot for domestic purposes and they say that it makes a cheap, neutral jam which may be used as pulp is used for other jams, but it should not be boiled with gooseberries or black currants or other small bush fruit.—ED.]

BOWOOD AND ROBERT ADAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In August, 1913, you published an article on Bowood, in which I pointed out that Britton's often quoted account of 1814 could not be accepted as a correct history of the Adams' connection with this famous house. It was there suggested that the earlier work of Orlando Bridgeman (died 1738) had certainly survived, and influenced all that followed. A master key to the complex problem of Bowood has now come to light in the shape of a bill of charges from Henry Keene, architect, to the Earl of Shelburne (died 1761), covering the period 1755-60. From this it appears that over £18,000 was then spent upon the house, and it is possible to assign to Keene the authorship of certain old plans and an elevation which have likewise been discovered. The simplicity of the solution now found speaks for itself. It was known that this Earl of Shelburne, living at Wycombe Abbey, had given a market, or town, hall to High Wycombe, which was finished in 1757, and that he had also put new parapets to the church tower. These works are also covered by Henry Keene's bill of charges. It is practically certain that Robert Adam's first work for Bowood was the design for the mausoleum, made for the widowed Countess, followed by some important internal alterations, and perhaps the completion of work not finished by Keene. The latter was evidently a follower of James Gibbs (died 1754), and there is some evidence that the great portico of the south front was put in hand, as it is of the Corinthian order and of the full height of the house. I have identified a pocket book sketch by Robert Adam for this facade, altered to a Doric of two stories, and the existing front—completed 1763—is, in fact, a compromise, resulting from the retention of the bay windows, which may be ascribed to Keene. It is certain that the portico columns were later on reduced in diameter and their capitals altered in 1768 to a design by Adam, and I feel certain that the Doric entablature with the characteristic central metopes is of Adam's design. The so-called Discretion wing is further seen to be a block of E-shaped offices built by Keene, to which Adam added (1768) the interesting colonnades which shut in the open courts towards the south.

It will be a matter of some time to analyse the mass of accounts, which are mostly those of local builders and tradesmen, the details of which often

appear very confusing and contradictory. When this has been cleared up as far as is now practicable I shall hope to rewrite the history of the house and to give some further illustration of parts of the work, of which the full significance is now apparent. The building operations at Bowood, which never entirely came to an end, may be taken to cover the years 1755-85; but there is good reason to think that Robert Adam was only concerned with the period 1761-71. The great interest of the subject makes me think that this preliminary statement will interest many of your readers. I may, perhaps, add that a series of accounts dealing with Shelburne (now Lansdowne House) has also been discovered, which I shall deal with fully in the work on the Architecture of Robert Adam, already announced to be published after the war. It may be stated here, however, in view of the interest of the matter, that the present house is now definitely known to have been built for the Earl of Bute, who, on selling it unfinished to the Earl of Shelburne, provided for its completion according to the designs of Robert and James Adam, for which he accepted the financial responsibility up to the stage of completion already agreed upon. The Earl of Shelburne carried on the work, 1765-68, in full accordance with the dates on the plates in Adam's "Works." The discrepancy in many previous accounts of this important house has been largely due to the imperfect nature of the drawings in the Soane Museum, which are, of course, only a portion of those produced by the Adelphi Office—this is established very clearly by an interesting bill of charges, delivered by Robert and James Adam to the Earl of Shelburne and settled in 1771, which I shall hope to give in full.—ARTHUR T. BOLTON, F.S.A.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest, as this season is so very exceptional, to hear that the first swallow was seen here (Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight) this morning (April 20th). At the same time large flocks of fieldfares are still about.—K. H.

DYING GOLDFISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately been losing several gold fish from an ornamental piece of water. They seem to be covered with a filmy fungoid growth. Can you kindly tell me whether there is a remedy for this, or what I can do to prevent it?—JOSEPH CHEAL.

[An expert at the Zoo, to whom this question was referred, says that freshwater fish are all liable to this complaint. The pond must be cleared and refilled and the fish placed for a short time in salt water before being returned to it. If preferred they can be held in the hand and wiped with a piece of wool which has been dipped in salt water, care being taken to move it from the head to the tail so as not to injure the fish's scales. Either treatment will probably have to be repeated several times. It may be well to mention that some diseases of fish are caused by lack of air in the water in which they are kept. A simple method of improving that condition is now and then to take up a little of the water in a cup and let it splash back again.—ED.]

AN APPEAL FOR MASCOOTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the Great Bazaar to be held at the Albert Hall on May 7th in aid of the After-care of Blinded Sailors and Soldiers I am hoping to have a mascot stall, and would be glad if I might appeal to your readers for mascots of all descriptions to sell for the benefit of the blinded heroes, to be sent to me at 6, Bayswater Hill, London, W.—LILY ELSIE.

THE LAST OF THE COCK FIGHTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The greatest authority on the Old English fighting game fowl in the United Kingdom has passed away by the death of Mr. George Downey of Harriston, Aspatia, Cumberland, who died from pneumonia on April 20th, after a week's illness. Deceased travelled all over Great Britain judging at shows. He was also away frequently at unadvertised contests, where courage rather than appearance was the test of breed. His strains of the pure old fighting game, greys, silver duckwings, birchens and blacks were of unquenchable courage. When fed, as they are for a main, on a special diet, the cocks were exceedingly fierce. Deceased was what is known in cock fighting circles as a "feeder," and prepared cocks belonging to aristocratic and wealthy patrons for battle. Although a genial and likable personality, he did not proclaim his knowledge of game breeding and pit craft from the housetops, and the secrets of how he fed his cocks for a main have died with him. He owed his remarkable success in the show ring and the pit to his successful combination of blood, or, as the Cumberland cock fighters call it, "clout" and vitality. His birds were put out at "walk" in the fields of neighbouring farmers away from all other poultry. They lived in a state of Nature, generally roosting in the trees, and although 50 per cent. were carried off by foxes, the survivors possessed superb vitality, and were healthy, strong, active and vigorous. In the value he attached to the open air life Downey set an example to breeders of many other kinds of stock, and also to nations that have to meet the enemy in the field. He would not have a game cock that had been hatched by a common fowl, as he asserted that in some subtle way not understood its courage was impaired. A similar prejudice exists in the racing world against thoroughbreds reared by common mares, and here there is strong evidence to support the theory that a foal that has lost its dam and is suckled by a cart mare is lacking in the fine courage that usually distinguishes the blood horse. The mettle of Downey's breed also came out in the hens, for when mothering a brood they would tackle and drive off and sometimes kill predatory weasel or stoat. A few years ago an American cock fighter offered to bring a team over to beat any English team matched against him, "bar Downey's." Deceased was sixty-seven years of age and unmarried.—G. G. CARTER.

A FRIENDLY GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your readers may be interested in this rather happy snapshot taken with a Brownie No. 1 Camera. The gull was extraordinarily fearless,



QUITE FEARLESS.

to carry away the smoke. Now that potash is difficult to procure, my object is to adopt the best means of combustion.—A. A. M.

THE FLY DANGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is well known that in April and May is started the fly pest, for in these months the dormant fly awakes and, as if to make up for lost time, begins to deposit eggs by the thousand. In order to counteract this, all muck and rubbish heaps ought to be saturated with deterrents, or better still, the top layers of such heaps should be turned and burnt. Fire is best of all for this purpose, and a good effective destructor could easily be made with a hundred bricks set against a stone wall, so built as to provide plenty of draught holes. A destructor so made is most voracious, and will burn up almost anything, and is a certain death for fly grubs.—SENEX.

A NATIONAL WAR MUSEUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A committee has now been formed for the creation of a museum in connection with the war. Such a collection is a national need. But it is only a part of what is required. Before the war began, it was in the minds of many that we have no adequate national collection to illustrate our naval and military history. The museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall is admirable so far as it goes, and its historic setting adds to its interest. It contains, however, but a small part of the available historical treasures connected with the Services which exist in the country. We have, for instance, one collection of arms in the Tower, and another at Woolwich, the latter little known to the public. The Navy has its own scattered collections. The country should have a great national collection worthily housed, a fitting home for the relics of great commanders and of great fights, as well as of



WHAT WAS THAT?

smaller enterprises in all parts of the globe. Many such relics remain in private hands for want of a place where they would be honoured with others of their kind. The collection should illustrate on a splendid scale the evolution of naval and military methods of combat, arms, equipment and costume. Such a display is indispensable to the understanding of any collection formed to illustrate the present war. A scheme not merely local and national, but imperial in its scope, and dealing with the subject as a whole, is now long overdue. It would come into being most appropriately in connection with the termination of the present war. There could hardly be a fitter memorial of the war, from many points of view. If some such comprehensive scheme be in contemplation, it will be received with great satisfaction by many who feel that a scheme dealing only with the present war would miss an opportunity that may never recur.—F.

A PHENOMENON OF THE FIELDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We send you the enclosed chicory root and oyster shell, grown on field crop, which we feel sure will be of interest, and is certainly unique.—L. FOSTER AND SONS.

[We are obliged to our correspondents and would have been glad to show a photograph of this curious phenomenon, but it does not lend itself to illustration. The very vigorous chicory root has penetrated the oyster shell, the diameter shrinking by at least a half, but swelling out again under the shell.—ED.]

A FREAK PLOVER'S EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed please find a photograph of a plover's nest containing a freak egg. Two eggs were perfectly normal, but the third was white, speckled with



AN ODD EGG.

small black spots. Unfortunately, the eggs were discovered and eaten by rooks, probably attracted by the glaring white egg.—JOHN H. VICKERS, B.A.

HUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have recently had a discussion in Mess as to the average distance ridden by a huntsman during any one day. Opinions having varied considerably, I have been asked to write to you requesting your ideas on the subject. If, therefore, you could send me your

views, I should be very much obliged.
—F. VINCENT
DONOVAN, 2nd Lieut.

[Our Hunting Correspondent says that "when studying the staying powers of horses on the number of miles I rode on an average on a fair day's hunting, I found this came to about forty in the Midlands and seventy in the provinces."—ED.]

A PET PINE MARTEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some time ago you published an account of my pet pine marten when a marten-kitten. I am sending you a "grown-up" photograph of her in winter coat.—F. P.